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THE REPUBLICAN.

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NEW ELECTRIC COMPANY ASKS LOCAL FRANCHISE

Moshannon Company Submits Ordinance to Council.

OFFERS 20c POLE TAX

Interests Behind Project Same as Those in Company Operating in State College With Franchises in Several Nearby Towns.

Application for a franchise to erect poles and wires to transmit electricity in and through Bellefonte was made to Council on Monday night by the Moshannon Electric Company. The interests behind the Moshannon Company, are the same as comprise the State-Centre Electric Company, which is operating at State College and has obtained franchises to operate in Milesburg, Unionville and Howard. The company has been negotiating for the purchase of the Bellefonte Electric Company, but the action of Monday night in applying for a franchise for the Moshannon Company would indicate that there is no certainty that the local deal will go through.

The Moshannon Company, in applying for a franchise, offers to pay the borough a pole tax of 20 cents for each pole erected in the borough. A. A. Dale appeared as counsel for the incorporators of the Moshannon Company and explained that the purpose of the parent company was to transmit electricity for heating, lighting and power from a main plant near Moshannon. At that point the State-Centre Electric Company has its own coal mines. The general plan provides for transmitting current to the several towns where franchises have been obtained. Mr. Dale was accompanied by A. J. Musser and H. W. Thompson, of the Moshannon Company, who explained to Council that they would be glad to answer any questions regarding their company or plans for operation. Messrs. Musser and Thompson were accompanied to Bellefonte by A. W. Lee, Jr., and W. W. Wrigley, of Clearfield, who are also connected with the Moshannon Company.

President Keller, of Council, explained to Messrs Musser and Thompson that the ordinance would be referred to committee for consideration and could be acted upon at the next regular meeting. He then referred the ordinance to the Special Powe. Committee. It is understood that this committee has had before it for some months a comprehensive proposition from the Bellefonte Electric Company for a street lighting system of a more modern type than that in use at present. Originally this proposition is understood to have provided for taking over the Green mill property, owned by the borough. Whether that provision remains in the proposition, or, in fact, whether the proposition has ever been withdrawn, has never been publicly stated at a meeting of Council.

Meningitis Killing Horses.

Six fine horses have died within the past 24 hours in Middletown and vicinity from a sudden outbreak of spinal meningitis. The state livestock sanitary board took charge, sending four veterinarians there from Harrisburg. They believe they have controlled the out-break, but are at a loss to account for it. Dr. H. W. George was the first loser, a fine driving horse being taken ill Monday afternoon and dying a few hours later. M. S. Metzer kas lost three drivers; William Zeiders, a draught horse, and Christ Conrad, a draught horse.

$10,000 for Chapel.

The Knights of Columbus of Pennsylvania, at the annual convention held at Pittsburgh last week, voted an appropriation of $10,000 for the erection of a chapel at State College.

MR. KURTZ CONFIRMED

Senate Ratifies Appointment as Surveyor of Port at Philadelphia.

The Senate at Washington on Tuesday evening confirmed the appointment of Charles R. Kurtz, of Bellefonte, as Surveyor of the Port at Philadelphia. A telegram announcing the news was received by Mr. Kurtz shortly afterward.

Yesterday Mr. Kurtz received a telegram from Surveyor of the Port Perry M. Lytle, of Huntingdon County, congratulating him on his appointment and welcoming him to Philadelphia. Mr. Lytle volunteered the information that he would be glad to extend Mr. Kurtz every assistance possible while the latter familiarizes himself with the duties of the office.

Mr. Kurtz expects to go to Philadelphia in a few days to take charge of his new position.

New Law Against Minors.

Young men under 21 years who in the past have considered it a good joke to walk into a saloon and represent themselves to be of age in order to buy drinks had better go cautiously in the future. Hereafter fooling the bartender won't be so much of a joke. On Tuesday Governor Tener signed a bill, just passed by the Legislature, which makes it a misdemeanor for any young man to misrepresent his age to secure liquor. A stiff penalty goes with the new law, namely $50 fine or sixty days in jail. Hotel keepers were largely instrumental in having the law passed. It has frequently happened that young men under 21 years have misrepresented their age, obtained liquor and then placed the burden of the responsibility on the hotel keeper. The courts have on many occasions ruled that the hotel keeper is responsible for the act of his bartenders. The sale of liquor to minors has always been one of the greatest dangers confronting the hotel keeper. Finally the law making it a misdemeanor for any youth to misrepresent his age to obtain liquor was drafted and submitted to the Legislature. It met with the instant approval of the Governor.

New Schedule on P. R. R.

On Sunday May 25th, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will put into effect the Spring and Summer schedule.

No change is made on the Bellefonte and Lewisburg Railroad. The only change on the Bald Eagle Valley R. R. is in the Sunday afternoon train west. No. 55 now leaving Lock Haven at 3.50 p. m. will be renumbered No. 57 and will leave Lock Haven 3.20 p. m., Bellefonte at 4.15 p. m., arriving at Tyrone at 5.35 p. m.

Many changes will be made in Main Line trains. Several Express trains are added and rearrangement of through sleeping cars. The connections at Tyrone of Bald Eagle Valley trains with Main Line trains are unaffected.

New Phone System.

Manager Smith of the Commercial Telephone system in Bellefonte is completing arrangements to install a thoroughly modern telephone system. The new phones will enable patrons to call by merely lifting the receiver off the hook, as is the case with the new Bell phones. The Commercial will also establish a four-party phone service, so arranged that a call for any one of the four persons on the line will not be heard by the other three. It is understood that the plans for the new system have been approved by the higher officers and that work installing the necessary equipment will be begun in the near future.

Progressives Buy Paper.

Managers of the Progressive party in Clearfield County, who are preparing for an active County campaign next fall, last week purchased the "Clearfield Herald." They will use the newspaper to advance the Progressive cause, both in the County campaign this year and in the anticipated fight for United States Senator next year.

Troop of State Police To Be Permanently Stationed Here.

A troop of State constabulary will be stationed permanently at Bellefonte when building operations at the new penitentiary nearby town reach the stage where a large number of prisoners are at work. It is said that Warden John Francies will submit a request for this to Captain John C. Groome, who is in command of the State constabulary, and that the request will in all likelihood have the indorsement of Governor Tener.

The State police to be assigned to Bellefonte will not be attached to the prison operation but will be stationed here for general protection of the public, to aid in preventing the escape of prisoners, the capture of any who may escape, and also to guard the streams and mountains against illegal fishing and hunting.

Bellefonte as a central point in the State is regarded by the authorities as a logical station for a troop of constabulary. The troopers would be not only close at hand for any emergency duty at the penitentiary but would also be but a comparatively few miles from Lock Haven or Tyrone in the event their services were needed at either of those railroad centers.

A troop of constabulary is composed of about twenty men. In the event a troop is assigned to Bellefonte a permanent barracks for their accommodation will be erected.

MANY CASES SETTLED AS COURT CONVENES

Trial List Cut Down by Numerous Eleventh-Hour Adjustments.

SOME ARE CONTINUED

Two Cases Against Old Board of Commissioners Among Those to go Over to Next Term—Philipsburg Hotel Case Attracts Attention.

Court convened on Monday morning at ten o'clock for the regular May sessions and after hearing a number of motions and petitions and taking the return of the several constables of the County, calling list of jurors and noting absentees, the Grand Jury was called and sworn and James K. Barnhart, Cashier of the First National Bank of Bellefonte, selected as foreman, and after being charged as to their various duties, retired to the Grand Jury room for deliberation.

The civil list of cases was then gone over and the following cases disposed of for the present term:

Mary B. Stonebreaker vs. Jacob Woodring, H. E. Zimmerman and John Dunlap, Commissioners of Centre County, being an appeal; continued.

John B. Stonebreaker vs. same, being an appeal; continued.

Charles Peters vs. Penna. Railroad Company, A. G. Price, Agent, being an appeal, continued.

Clement Dale, Executor of the Estate of Austin Swisher, vs. Pearl C. Gray, Agent, being an appeal; continued.

The following cases on the second week's list were also disposed of:

David McCloskey, William Hoover, Margaret Miller, Rebecca Welch, Martha B. Iddings, Elsie Johnston, Adaline Woods, Jacob McCloskey, Emma Walker, Elizabeth S. Falls, Mary J. Sayer, Mary McCloskey, P. B. Iddings, Guardian of Emma McCloskey, Ray McCloskey, Bernice McCloskey, minor children of Martha McCloskey, deceased, and Nathan W. McCloskey vs. J. F. Young, being an action in ejectment to recover land; continued.

Isaac A. Harvey vs. John P. Harris, being an action in assumpsit; continued.

School District of Howard Township vs. the Penna. Railroad Company, being an action in trespass; continued.

Same vs. same, being an action in trespass; continued.

Samuel F. Weaver, vs. John G. Eby, being an action in trespass and slander; continued.

The first case taken up for trial was Christ Decker vs. Samuel Decker, being an appeal from decision, and grows out of a controversy in reference to a line fence in Walker Township between the farms of the plaintiff and the defendant. The township auditors were called into the case, finding made by them, which was ignored by the defendant, and the plaintiff built the fence and brought this action to recover the expenses of erecting the division fence. The defendant relied on the fact that he had started to erect the division fence but was stopped by the plaintiff. On Tuesday morning the Court directed a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for $29.85, subject to the question of law whether or not there is any evidence to sustain a verdict in favor of the plaintiff.

George W. Hoyt of Williamsport is acting as official stenographer during this week.

Commonwealth vs. Fred Landis, prosecutrix Mary Wands; charge, betrayal. Defendant waived the finding of the Grand Jury and plead guilty and the usual sentence was imposed.

Comm. vs. Elias Breon, charged with assault and battery, prosecutor Charles H. Bierly. Bill ignored and the prosecutor to pay the costs.

Comm. vs. Henry Haupt, charged with larceny. Prosecutor, W. H. Miller. Defendant appeared in open court, waived the finding of the Grand Jury nd plead guilty, whereupon the District Attorney asked that sentence be suspended on payment of costs. The Court sentenced the defendant to pay the costs and return the money taken, and further sentence was suspended on the promise that the defendant would redeem himself and quit the drinking habit. Further facts in this case were noted in this paper at the time of its occurrence.

Comm. vs. Joseph Wade, Sr., charged with larceny of a dog. Prosecutor Philip Zindle. Bill ignored and prosecutor directed to pay the costs.

Comm. vs. Harry Meese, charged with breaking and escaping jail. Prosecutor, A. B. Lee. Defendant appeared in open court, waived the finding of the Grand

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JURY ACQUITS HOGAN OF BREAKING PRISON

Was First Man to Skip Out From New Penitentiary.

NOVEL POINT INVOLVED

Jury Impressed With Fact That Cost of Maintaining Hogan, if Convicted to Additional Term, Would Fall on Centre County.

William Hogan bears the distinction of being not only the first prisoner to skip out from the new penitentiary nearby Bellefonte but also to have won an acquittal in court on the charge of breaking jail. The jury which yesterday tried Hogan on the charge brought in a verdict of "not guilty" after having been out for three hours and a half.

The penitentiary officials were desirous of having Hogan convicted and sentenced to several years as a precedent since he happened to be the first man to skip out from the prison farms. They were keenly disappointed with the verdict and fear that other prisoners, encouraged by Hogan's victory in court, may also take a chance with a quick dash for freedom.

It is entirely probable that the penitentiary officials will bring other charges against Hogan before he has served out his original term.

Hogan put up an unexpectedly strong defense. He made the flat claim that he had left the prison under the belief that his time was up and that he had no intention of running away. He went on the stand and declared that he had come to Bellefonte after leaving the prison and had walked leisurely about town for some time. He was desirous of consulting a lawyer and said that he had visited the office of William G. Runkle. It was also testified that he had dropped in at the Brockerhoff House and made inquiry at the office there as to where he could find Squire W. H. Musser.

After remaining in town for some time Hogan said that he went to Milesburg to catch a train for Tyrone. His reason for wanting to go to Tyrone was that he was acquainted there and could be identified to have his pension check cashed. Hogan is a Spanish-American war veteran and as such receives a pension. He had a pension check when he left the prison. He further declared that when he was picked up by the Tyrone police he was on his way back to Bellefonte. Originally Hogan was sentenced to the penitentiary at Pittsburgh for larceny committed in Venango County. He was eventually released on parole, but he broke his parole and was returned to a cell. His time was about up when he was brought to Bellefonte to work on the prison farm.

Hogan was represented by W. C. Heinle and S. Kline Woodring. A point raised to help Hogan was that should he be convicted and sentenced for an additional term for breaking prison here the cost of maintaining him for such additional term would fall upon Centre County. It was apparent that this phase of the matter made an impression on the jury.

The taking of evidence in the case was concluded about 11 o'clock in the morning and the jury retired. When the jury was still out at 2 o'clock, when the court reconvened, most persons in the audience looked for an acquittal or a disagreement. The deliberations of the jury were attended with some heated debates. At one time the voices in the jury room became so loud as to be heard in the court room and a tipstave had to step inside and request that there be less noise.

New District Proposed.

Harrisburg despatches make it known that the proposed Congressional reapportionment measure before the Legislature has again been changed and this time Centre County is in a district somewhat different than at present. It is proposed making up a district with Centre, Clinton, Clearfield, Elk and Cameron counties. The present district is composed of Centre, Clearfield, Elk Cameron and McKean.

A Father at Seventy.

Mr. and Mrs. Levi Quadenfield, of Philadelphia, are happy over the birth on Monday of a 12-pound boy. Mr. Quadenfield is 70 years old and his wife is but 15. They were married one year ago.

Appointed a Justice.

J. W. Getz, of College township, was on Tuesday appointed by Governor Tener a Justice of the Peace. He has not decided whether to lift the commission, which would be good only to the end of the year.

PENROSE A CANDIDATE

Senator Says He Will Go Before People for Re-election.

Senator Penrose says he will be a candidate next year for re-election.

"Are you willing to submit your candidacy in 1914 to a popular primary?" he was asked and to which he replied:

"I have not the slightest objection to entering a popular primary. I have made three such contests in the past in a number of counties, and am perfectly willing to do so again. I will be very well satisfied to enter the lists in a state-wide primary, and believe on the whole this is the best way to meet the issue. The fact is, there has been no contest in the state since the death of Senator Quay calling for a resumption of the old primary system which prevailed in Pennsylvania, but had there been I certainly would have availed myself of the old practices, whether a law or not."

READ BIBLE IN SCHOOLS

New Law Requires Reading of Ten Verses at Opening Exercises.

Hereafter the reading of at least ten verses of the Bible daily in the public schools is made mandatory by law. A bill providing for this was approved on Tuesday by the Governor. The reading of the Bible must take place at the opening exercises. The reading of the ten verses must be without comment by the teacher on the matter so read.

The new law provides that any teacher who violates the provisions shall be dismissed.

Why Not Load Milk?

In a complaint filed with the State Railroad Commission, R. Bruce Dunlap, of Altoona, raises the interesting question of why dairymen alone of all shippers of goods by railroad should be compelled to load their own product into the cars. Mr. Dunlap calls the attention of the commission to the fact that railroads make provision for loading every character of freight except milk. He says it is a source of great inconvenience to farmers to be compelled to wait at the railroad stations until the trains arrive in order to load their milk on the cars, thus losing valuable time away from their farm work. This is the first time such a question has been presented to the commission.

Academy Minstrels a Success.

The Academy minstrels on Thursday and Friday nights of last week proved to be a splendid success, large audiences on both evenings being delighted with the splendid program presented. The total receipts amounted to $401, the expenses were $250, making the net profit $150. About forty guests from out-of-town were in Bellefonte for the minstrels. They were parents and friends of students at the Academy and came from Jamestown, N. Y.: Pittsburgh, Pottsville, Connellsville, Reading, Lebanon, WilkesBarre, Shamokin, Luthersburg York and other places.

Road Case Settled.

The suit of the County vs. Harris township involving $1.352.22 as the township's share in the cost of a piece of State road built some years ago, was this week settled out of court. The township had refused to pay its share of the cost of the road on the ground that it had not been built according to specifications. The case was scheduled for trial at the present term of court. A settlement was effected whereby the township agrees to pay $1352.22, and the county is to pay the costs.

Had Her Pocket Picked.

Mrs. H. S. Gunsallus, of near Unionville, had her pocket picked of $8.50 while attending the rummage sale in Bellefonte yesterday. The managers of the sale say they know the identity of the person who took the pocketbook and that if the purse and the $8.50 are returned to "The Republican" office no questions will be asked and no arrest made. Otherwise a warrant will be issued.

State College Couple Wed.

Miss Gretta V. Mingle and Charles E. Snyder, both of State College, were married in the First Presbyterian church at Tyrone on Saturday evening of last week. The ceremony was performed by the pastor, Rev. W. H. Fahs. On Sunday the newly married couple motored to State College, where the groom is engaged in the automobile business.

Festival at Boalsburg.

The annual festival of the Civic Club of Boalsburg will be held in Boal Hall, at Boalsburg, on the evening of Friday, May 30th. Lots of good things to eat. Lunch served from 5.30 to 8 o'clock. Come early and bring your friends and help the committee to keep the lights burning. Price of lunch 25 and 15c.

OSCEOLA'S BAD FIRE DAMAGE OF $150,000

Hotel and Business Block Destroyed on Tuesday.

ORIGIN IS UNKNOWN

Disaster Comes on Thirty-Eighth Anniversary of Great Fire Which Wiped Out Most of the Town—Nearby Towns Render Assistance.

Osceola was swept by fire on Tuesday, a number of business buildings going up in smoke at a loss estimated to be upward of $150,000. A strange coincidence was that the fire came on the day which marked the thirty-eighth anniversary of the terrible blaze which wiped out a large portion of that town. Telephone messages telling of Tuesday's destructive fire were received in Bellefonte during the day and numerous messages of inquiry were sent from here to the stricken town. The Philipsburg fire department was appealed to for help and responded with a contingent of two companies who were rushed to Osceola by special train. Houtzdale and Ramey also sent assistance.

The fire originated in the third floor of the large mercantile establishment of Brown, Baird & Co, of which Charles H. Rowland, of Philipsburg, is the principal stockholder. The cause of the fire is no known. It was but a short time until the blaze was beyond control and the flames quickly spread to nearby buildings. The Brown, Baird & Co. building was destroyed and the flames then consumed the dry goods establishment of Jacob Hirsh. The McCann building, the first floor of which was used as a pool room and cigar store, was next devoured by the flames. On the second floor of this building were the dental offices of Dr. W. C. Pidgeon and the office of Justice of the Peace Michael McCarty. The Craig Hotel, conducted by Nelson Scollins, was also easy prey for the flames. Dr. F. B. Reed's drug store, which had been sold but the previous day to George W. Schreffler, was damaged by both fire and water. G. W. Mattern's office building, two dwelling houses and a number of stables were also burned.

The loss sustained is given as follows: Brown, Baird & Co., $75,000; Jacob Hirsh, $20,000; Craig Hotel, $15,000; Barney McCann, $8,000; G. W. Mattern, $6,000; J. B. McFadden, $3,500; Arthur Baird, $2,000; Reed's drug store, $2,000; Mrs. Ida Jones, $3,000; Patrick Gallagher, $1,000.

COLD STORAGE LAW

All But Fresh Products Must Now be Marked Plainly.

Centre County housewives will now be able to know when they purchase meats, eggs, etc., whether such articles are fresh or cold storage products. Governor Tener last week signed the cold storage bill recently passed by the Legislature. The measure becomes effective in ninety days.

The most stringent clause in the measure and the one against which the opposition of the cold storage men was principally directed in that which requires that all cold storage food must be labeled as such.

The cold storage bill is stringent in its provisions and its enactment will amply protect the public against unwholesome storage foods.

It provides the following time limits for foods in cold storage: Beef, four months; pork, six months; sheep, six months; lamb, six months; veal, three months; dressed fowl, drawn, five months; dressed fowl, undrawn, ten months; eggs, eight months; butter, eight months; fish, nine months.

The law provides that all food put in cold storage shall be plainly marked "cold storage" and shall also have the date on which it was placed in the warehouse. The dairy and food commissioner is given full authority to make rules and regulations covering the sanitary conditions in all cold storage houses and power to inspect all plants. The act makes it unlawful to put diseased or tainted food in cold storage. Each cold storage house must take out a license, to be granted by the commissioner.

The penalty for a violation of the law is a fine of not less than $500 for the first offense and a fine of not more than $1000 for the second and subsequent offenses, together with imprisonment of not more than ninety days, or both at the discretion of the court.

Postmaster at WarriorsMark.

D. Chamberlain was on Saturday, last, appointed postmaster at WarriorsMark.

WILL MEET HERE

Next Convention of Sunday School Association to be Held in Bellefonte.

The next annual convention of the Centre County Sunday School Association will be held in Bellefonte, in May, 191[illegible]

[illegible]nvention at Rebersburg the following resolutions were adopted:

"1 That all schools in the Centre County Association be urged to make an earnest effort to maintain our place among the Front Line counties of the state.

"2 That all schools adopt the State Association's standard for local schools which is as follows: School open all the year; Cradle Roll and Home Department; one or more registered Secondary or O. A. B. classes; Graded Instruction; Teacher Training Class; Systematic Missionary and Temperance Instruction; Definite Decisions for Christ; Offerings for Denominational and Interdenominational work; Statistics sent to Statistical Secretary and school represented at annual county or district convention; monthly workers meeting during ten months of the year.

"3 That special emphasis be laid upon the Secondary (Intermediate) department and upon systematic instruction in Missions and Temperance.

"4 That we extend a vote of thanks to the officers of the County Association for their fidelity and acknowledge especial obligation to our Secretary, Mr. L. W. Nuttall and also to all who have rendered such valuable and acceptable service in the addresses and other parts of the program.

"5 That we extend a rising vote of thanks to the churches and people of Rebersburg for their generous and delightful hospitality, which has contributed so much to the pleasure and success of the annual convention.

The following were elected officers for the ensuing year:

President, C. L. Gramley, Rebersburg; Vice President, G. L. Goodhart, Centre Hall; Secretary, L. W Nuttall, of Philipsburg; Statistical Secretary, E. Owens, Bellefonte; Treasurer, A. Lukenbach, Bellefonte; Home Department Superintendent, Rev. J. Max Lantz, Spring Mills; Teacher Training Superintendent, Rev. Fred W. Barry, Centre Hall; Elementary Superintendents, Miss Helen Bartholomew, Centre Hall; Mrs. C. E. McGirk, Philipsburg; O. A. B. C. Superintendent, D. A. Dietrich, Hublersburg; Secondary Superintendent, W. E McWilliams, Penna. Furnace; Missionary Superintendent Rev. W. D. Geesey, Aaronsburg; Temperance Superintendent, Rev. F. S. Clark, Milesburg.

The Crops.

Bradstreets Report says: Crop reports are less uniformly fine this week, owing to complaints of dry weather affecting oats, cotton and vegetables in parts of the sections raising these products.

Winter-wheat crop prospects are, however, excellent, and a bumper yield of this cereal seems almost certain at this writing.

Spring-wheat seeding is finished, and the crop in the surplus states has been benefited by cool, damp weather, so that a good start has been secured.

Oats have been retarded by dry weather in parts of Illinois and Indiana and in the leading Atlantic states, and that crop lacks the uniformly good start secured a year ago, while the area will hardly be as large.

Corn plowing is finished and planting is making good progress in the west. Warmer, moist weather would help that cereal.

Showers, relieving drought in some sections, have fallen in parts of the south, but a good general rain with warm growing weather is much to be desired for cotton.

Killing frosts in nearly all northern states early in the week did some damage to early vegetables and fruits. Dry weather is complained of at most points in the Atlantic seaboard states and has cut the southern strawberry crops.

Woodrow Wilson on the Tariff.

As President Wilson is the prominent head of tariff revisionists, being practically responsible for whatever tariff legislation may be enacted by the present Congress, just what his views are on the subject, should prove interesting to men of affairs in every political camp.

The Pittsburg Dispatch has secured exclusive rights for this territory for a series of articles by the President, expressing his ideas in minutiae on the uppermost topic in the public mind.

These articles have never before been printed in newspaper or periodical. Now that the tariff is in the limelight of publicity, everyone will want to know, first hand, just what President Wilson's views may be. The series will be printed in the Sunday issue of The Dispatch. See that you get it next Sunday and regularly thereafter. Don't miss an article. Order from your news dealer today.

Arrest Love Letter Man.

Accused of using the mails to defraud, Allie Hammond, aged nineteen, was arrested by postoffice inspectors at Spangler, Cambria county, and gave bail at Altoona for a hearing later. He conducted an extensive advertising campaign, got hundreds of orders for love letters, fortune-telling books, silk remnants, musical novelties, postcards, etc., and failed to fill them, inspectors say.

Ezekiel's "Daughter"

Scientific Versus Common Sense Farming

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Perched on the rail fence and looking like an amiable scarecrow, Ezekiel Flinder nibbled a blade of grass and freely commented on the methods of his young neighbor.

"You ain't never going to make a farmer of yourself, Mr. Hartwell. Your head is too full of newfangled notions. P'taters is p'taters even if you call 'em 'tubers' or any other fancy name, and beans is beans and not legoombs even if the hysterical culture club does claim they belong to that family.

Ernest Hartwell grinned patiently as he listened to Ezekiel's evening lecture. Born and bred in the city, an inward craving for a country life had at last drawn him to the pretty village of Little River.

"You can't deny that Mrs. Flinder's baked beans are more delicious since she learned how to cook them at the domestic science club. You said yourself that"—

"Maybe so, maybe so," waived Ezekiel airily. "Still, when it's all said and done with, whether she learns these notions at the minister's hysterical culture club or Miss Patty Dunn's dom-estic science thingumbob, the beans she cooks is just plain beans after all. I don't take no stock in theories or science or nothing but plain common sense."

"It must be a great satisfaction to feel that one can clip coupons from his stock of common sense," remarked Hartwell meekly as he hoed between his rows of corn.

Ezekiel scowled at him beneath his bushy brows. "You're laughing at me Mr. Hartwell. I can tell it by that kink in your eye. Anybody ever tell you that you had a funny kink in your eye?"

Hartwell rested on his hoe and surveyed the farmer solemnly. "No, Mr Flinder; no one ever broke the news to me. I've been told that I had the form of a bed slat, the face of a pirate and flossy hair like a doll, but I have always prided myself on my china blue eyes, and to be told that there is a kink in one of them is heartbreaking." He dug despondently at a bunch of wire grass.

Ezekiel spat reflectively and let himself down to the ground. "You're a mighty fresh young man, Mr. Hartwell," he chuckled, "but it's a good thing for you I ain't got a daughter."

"Why?" demanded Hartwell, surprised.

"Oh, because you'd be dead sot to marry her, and I wouldn't listen to it a minute. It couldn't be thought of noways." Ezekiel was chewing grass vigorously.

"Once more I repeat, why? What objection have you to me as a son-in-law?"

"First I'd say to her: 'Young lady you shan't marry no sculptor feller Pick out a good, plain farmer boy, and you shall have my consent and the blue glass lemonade set I drawed at the raffle for a wedding present.'"

"I'm a plain farmer boy," urged Mr. Hartwell.

"First off, you're a sculptor. That's your trade and all you got to fall back on. There can't be no money in sculping or else you wouldn't have come and tried chicken farming out of a book."

"I like farming. It is my recreation," objected the amateur agriculturist.

"It'll be your ruination," predicted Mr. Flinder, raising a horny finger. "Look at that there corn!"

"Well, look at it!" agreed the planter proudly. "What's the matter with it, eh? See any taller corn hereabouts? See any thicker stalks? See any larger ears?"

"No, I don't see none of those things. All I can see is that there ain't one row planted straight. They're as zig-zag as though a tipsy man had set 'em out," chuckled Ezekiel.

"That's done purposely. There's a scientific reason for planting 'em that way," hazarded Hartwell.

"Humph!" snorted Ezekiel testily, and for a little while he was silent, following Hartwell slowly down the row of corn. Then he said tentatively, "I ain't never seen none of your sculping yet?"

"No?" queried Hartwell politely.

"Not so much as a wink at it. I've often told Maria when I see you going into that workshop of yours that I guess I'll run in and see what you're up to, but somehow it's sort of damp and chilly looking in there; leastways it must be if it's full of graven images."

"H'm!" observed the sculptor.

Ezekiel looked disappointed. He was piqued at Hartwell for not offering to initiate him into the mysteries of his workshop.

"I reckon you feel kinder timid about showing 'em off, but I guess we can make allowances for your being a beginner. You needn't feel bashful about it. You might some day make a figger fit for the soldiers' monument we're going to have on the green, and it would be an advantage for Little River folks to know what you can do. We always encourage home talent," remarked Ezekiel magnanimously.

"Thank you; I'll think it over," said Ernest Hartwell modestly, shouldering his hoe. "I believe somebody is looking for you, Mr. Flinder."

Ezekiel wheeled sharply about to confront a pretty girl, dark haired, gray eyed, blue gowned, with sun kissed cheeks and scarlet lips. "Well, Miss Christie, how in thunder do you do?" he bellowed, delightedly squeezing her hands.

"Very well, indeed, Mr. Flinder," she replied, with a provoking glance at Hartwell, who stood expectantly near. "I'm glad to see you looking so hale and hearty."

"What train did you come on? Consarn it all, I'd have met you if I'd known you was coming down today. Maria said yesterday that she'd got a letter from you, wanting to know could you get board down here another summer for you and your aunt. But I didn't know you was expected today."

"I couldn't wait another moment," laughed the girl. "Aunt Phoebe is coming tomorrow with all the trunks and things. I came down in the noon train, and the stage brought me to the house, but Nancy says Mrs. Flinder has gone to her ethical culture club. I came on down here looking for you."

"Well, here I be! Guess we might as well go along up to the house, Miss Christine." He led the way, intentionally ignoring the expectant embryo farmer. But Hartwell was equal to the emergency.

"Introduce me, please, Mr. Flinder," he said humbly, and Ezekiel smiled sourly and performed the ceremony that made the sculptor acquainted with Christine Davidson.

"Miss Christine is like a daughter to me, Mr. Hartwell," he said meaningly as the girl released her hand from Hartwell's clasp and turned away.

"And I am a plain farmer boy, and I'm good," murmured Hartwell obstinately.

"You're a sculptor and you'll starve to death some day," was Mr. Flinder's cheerful prognostication as he departed for his own side of the rail fence.

The next day he came once more to the rail fence and watched Hartwell raking the accumulated weeds he had uprooted the afternoon before. "Any time you say I'll bring Miss Christine over to see the sculping, provided it's all proper. I told Miss Phoebe Davidson about you—that's Christine's aunt—and she said you might be worth investigating," he observed, watching Hartwell's face.

"The deuce she did!" ejaculated Hartwell, his face growing very red. "See here, Mr. Flinder; just keep all these ladies away from my place. Understand?" He looked quite fierce.

"Well, I'll be stumped!" ejaculated Ezekiel, backing off. "You confounded young puppy, you! I don't believe you dast show me none of your sculping. I'll bet it's nothing but a mess of mud pies!"

"Would you really like to see some of my work?" asked Hartwell with outward seriousness, although there were all sorts of kinks in his blue eyes. He enjoyed his verbal skirmishes with his neighbor quite as much as Ezekiel did, and Ezekiel was secretly proud of the fact that a real sculptor lived cheek by jowl with him. His one lament was that he could not boast to his fellows that he had seen any of Hartwell's work.

"Yes, I'd admire to look at it. Mebbe I could tell you if it was good enough for the soldier's monument. I know something about art even if I don't belong to no hysterical culture clubs," grinned Ezekiel delightedly as he stumped down the path in the wake of the young man toward the bungalow.

In the long, low building which Hartwell used as his workroom they paused a moment, while the farmer gazed around at the several groups swathed under canvas coverings. "Smells damp in here," he said awkwardly as Hartwell removed the canvas from a large crouching lion modeled in clay.

"Lord love you, but he looks like he would bite!" exclaimed Ezekiel; then he scanned the young man suspiciously. "I scarcely believe you made that there critter. You don't look like you had it in you, meaning no offense."

Hartwell smiled and removed a wet cloth from a mass of modeling clay. "Seeing's believing," he said cheerfully and moved his fingers deftly, surely, and with lightning rapidity, picking up and laying aside a modeling tool, he brought before Ezekiel's amazed vision a startling picture in miniature.

Against a background of rough clay was a rail fence. Sitting on the rail fence, one cowhide boot swinging nonchalantly over his clasped hands, was Ezekiel Flinder himself, looking like an amiable scarecrow as he nibbled a blade of grass.

Ezekiel stared, open eyed, open mouthed, chagrined almost to tears. "By gummy!" he breathed heavily at last. "It's me!"

"It is, Mr. Flinder," smiled Hartwell.

"Why, if Little River sees that I'll be the laughingstock from Upper Ford down to Stepping Stone! I believe in you, Mr. Hartwell," he said earnestly. "I don't want no more proof. You're as consarned a good sculptor as I wanter see, only break the thing before anybody sees it."

"How about your daughter?" asked Hartwell, holding his hands above the wet clay model.

"If I had one I'd make her marry you jest to keep on good terms with you, Mr. Hartwell. Now, Miss Christine isn't my daughter, but I'll give you all the chances I can to"—

"You're too late, Mr. Flinder," interrupted Hartwell, the kinks coming into his eyes. "You see, I've been engaged to Christine Davidson for a year, and we're going to be married next month, and we expect you to donate the blue glass lemonade set."

Story of the Panther.

Henry W. Shoemaker, president of the Altoona Tribune, in an article published in a recent issue of the Tribune, under the caption, "Story of the Panther," pays the following high tribute to George Hastings, one of the best known and most highly esteemed residents of Buffalo Run valley:

"In the Seven mountains, in such out-of-the-world little valleys as Detwiler's hollow, Hayvice, Treaster and New Lancaster, the belief that the panther is extinct as a Pennsylvania mammal, receives scant acceptance. Out of these wild regions comes forth a new crop of panther stories every year, some of them with as recent a date as 1913 on them.

"Two young hunters out after rabbits last November in Detwiler surprised a panther which was concealed under the huge top of a felled tree. Not caring to risk their buckshot on the monster they let him escape. This same panther is said to be the mate of one killed in Stone Valley in February of the present year. By the time this story travelled across three or four mountain ranges into Snyder county, the animal became eighteen feet in length, about twice as large as the biggest panther ever killed in the state.

"It seems strange that reports of this kind persist in the face of the fact that bounties have not been paid on panthers since 1871, when George Hastings, of Buffalo Run, near Bellefonte, collected twenty-four dollars for the scalps of two panthers killed on the main fork of Beech Creek on December 30 and 31 of that year. The mighty hunter who has a face like Seneca, the Roman poet, is hale and hearty, although sixty-five years of age. He has shot more big game animals in Pennsylvania than any man now living and few hunters who preceded him possess such a complete record of various kinds of kills.

"There is no more interesting way to spend an evening than to listen to this famous nimrod, who is as modest as he is great, describing his adventures in the primeval forests. Not only was he a great hunter himself, but he was intimately acquainted with the famous hunters of an older generation, men like James David, the panther and elk hunter; Jim Jacobson, slayer of Pennsylvania's last native elk; Lewis Dorman and Johnny Swartzell, the panther killers of the Seven mountains. A man like George Hastings ought to write a book of memoirs, as he saw a phase of Pennsylvania life which will never come again.

"Closely linked with this old life is the story of the panther, the grandest of Pennsylvania's beasts. Misunderstood and mercilessly hunted by the early settlers, he made a valiant stand and there is some reason to believe that there may be one or two of these animals still hidden in the brushy depths of Hayvice and Treaster; at least such is our hope."

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Assessors Appointed.

These registration assessors have been appointed by Judge Orvis:

Benner, South Precinct—William Colpetzer to fill vacancy caused by the removal from the district of E. H. Grove.

Haines, East Precinct—Jackson Sheesley to fill unexpired term of D. G. Mingle, resigned.

Rush, West Precinct—James McGinley, Jr., to fill the unexpired term of his father, John McGinley, dec'd.

Spring, North Precinct—Charles Miller to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Oscar Zimmerman.

Walker, East Precinct—W. E. Kessinger to fill the vacancy caused by the removal from the district of C. M. Stover.

Two-Cent Check for State.

The state treasury last Saturday received the smallest check ever sent from any county official. Roy C. Danner, register of wills in Dauphin county, in settling up the accounts of 1912, found that two cents was still owing the state and mailed a check for that amount to the capitol. The time consumed in making out the check, the entry of the amount in the treasurer's books and the cost of the blanks, stamp and envelope exceeded the value of the check a good many times.

Most disfiguring skin eruptions, scrofula, pimples, rashes, etc., are due to impure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters is a cleansing blood tonic. Makes you clear-eyed, clear-brained, clear-skinned.—Advt.

BELLEFONTE, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1913

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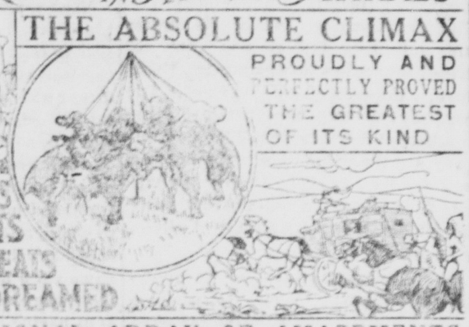

FAR EAST SCENES
WILD WEST SIGHTS
HIPPODROME FEATS
HITHERTO UNDREAMED

AN INTERNATIONAL ARRAY OF AMAZEMENTS

THE FIVE CONTINENTS CONTRIBUTE THEIR STARTLING WONDERS
COMBINED FORCE
WILD WEST HIPPODROME FAR EAST COMBINED
A CONSTANT SUCCESSION OF STARTLING SURPRISES

ANNIE OAKLEY PEERLESS WING AND RIFLE SHOT of the WORLD

Eldridge's Maypole DANCING ELEPHANTS
THE ORIGINAL 20 OX TEAM
Equestrian Maze WORLD'S NATIONAL ENSIGNS
Greatest Riders of Every Equestrian Nation
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20—HARDIN'S SPANISH CADETS—20

ONLY BAND OF ESKIMOS EVER EXHIBITED
The Jungle Dance WILD ANIMAL REVEL
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COSSACKS, EAST INDIANS ARABIANS, JAPANESE
SO. AMERICANS, ZULUS DAHOMIANS, MAORIS

COWBOYS --- VAQUEROS --- COWGIRLS

THE SPLENDORS OF THE ORIENT — THE FEATURES OF THE HIPPODROME IN VIVID CONTRAST WITH PIONEER DAYS

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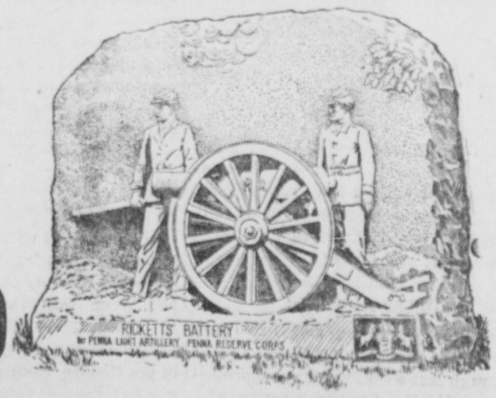
BIG STREET PARADE 10:30 A. M. 2 PERFORMANCES DAILY—2 & 8 P.M., RAIN OR SHINE

Reserved seats on sale at PARRISH'S DRUG STORE on day of exhibition at same prices on show grounds.

Memorial Day Excursion Friday, May 30



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Centre Hall..	6.29 "	2.50	Mifflinburg....	7.52 "	2.30	Sunbury	9.10 "	1.90

Returning, special train will leave Gettysburg 6:50 P. M. Consult ticket agents or David Todd, Division Passenger Agent, Williamsport.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

The Wise Fool

He Proved His Worth His Own Way

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"There goes the fool of the family," growled old Simon Webb as he returned the salutation of a young man on the sidewalk.

Dorothy flushed deeply, and her pretty head turned a little aside. "Why do you call Bob Quincy that, father?" she asked.

"Because he is one," asserted Simon, with more asperity than the occasion demanded, for the Quincys were not related to him. The only bond between the two families was the long existing partnership between the respective heads. "Look at him, Dorothy! The eldest of four boys, every man jack of 'em has branched out in business for himself except Bob, and he's content to clerk it in our offices—clerk it, mind you, for he's too woolly headed to assume an executive position. What do you think of that, eh?"

"I think it must please Mr. Quincy to have one of his sons remain in the business," remarked Dorothy firmly.

"Humph! The business has done mighty well so far without assistance from any of the youngsters. Tom and Dick have gone into the automobile business, as you know, and Frank is junior partner in the house of Heffler & Co. Here's Bob, who has been in our offices for twelve years, still pegging away as head bookkeeper. He ought to have pushed his way to the fore. If he'd had any ginger in him by George, he'd have elbowed his father out of the place. It makes me nervous to see such a dead one around."

"Why, father," cried his daughter, with some indignation, "I don't think it's right to call Bob a fool just because he hasn't pushed his father out of business. It seems to me that he is very considerate and"—

"Bah!" roared Simon Webb rudely, and, with a saucy upward tilt of her chin, Dorothy turned her face away and apparently became absorbed in the passing crowd as seen from the tonneau of their handsome motorcar.

That evening after dinner Dorothy was called into her father's library.

"Close the door, Dorothy," said Mr Webb, with an austere smile.

"What is it, father?" asked the girl.

"Sit down, my dear; here, close to my desk. I have had a singular experience today, Dorothy." He looked keenly at her over his spectacles.

Dorothy was fairly puzzled. "And you want to tell me about it, dad?"

"Yes. You recollect we were speaking about the Quincy boys today, eh?"

She nodded carelessly. "What about them?"

"You've never told me they were attentive to you," he suddenly accused her.

For an instant she was disconcerted. "You never asked me anything about it," she answered quietly.

Simon Webb threw back his head and laughed heartily. "My own daughter!" he chuckled. "Glad you didn't simper over it; I detest a simpering miss. Then you knew the Quincy boys were in love with you?" He fired the question suddenly at her.

"No, I didn't," she replied honestly.

"What did you think they were doing around here, then? Coming to see your mother—or me, eh?"

"I knew they came to see me. Why, father, you know we've always been friends with the Quincys, and the boys are more like cousins than anything else," said Dorothy warmly.

"And now they crave a closer relationship, eh?"

"You are joking, father. What do you mean?" Her face was very pale and her voice was unsteady as she rose to her feet and stood beside him.

"I mean that three of the Quincy boys have each written me a letter asking permission to pay his addresses to you. What do you think of that in this land of the free and home of the brave, eh? I thought the present custom was to ask the girl first and then announce the result to paterfamilias."

"Well?" asked Dorothy.

"It so happened that I found all three letters in this evening's mail. What started the boys off I don't know, unless you met them somewhere last night and flirted outrageously with all of them. Is that so?"

"I met all of them at the Teales, and I danced with each one," said Dorothy evenly.

"Well," said Mr. Webb, tapping the communications, "what shall I tell them? Suppose I say that here is a letter from Tom Quincy?"

"Tom!" repeated Dorothy, with an incredulous smile. "Why, dad, Tom Quincy is a mere baby."

"Ha! We won't rob the cradle, then. Exit Master Tom." Simon Webb flung the letter aside and flapped a second one at his daughter. Dorothy grew pale again, as if smitten with suspense. As she made a gesture of impatience her father spoke once more: "Suppose I ask, How about Dick, eh? A likely young fellow, smart as a trap, inherits $25,000 from his godfather and bound to make a howling success of whatever he undertakes."

Dorothy shook her head. "I like Dick, but"—

"Skiddoo!" ejaculated her father, sending the second letter after the first. "I feel like an auctioneer, Dorothy, offering these chaps to you. Never mind, here goes. How about Frank?"

The girl's breath suddenly left her lips in a little gasp, and she leaned against the desk as if for support.

"Frank?" she asked after a little while. "I'm sorry, father, for I believe he is your favorite, but I think I like Frank least of all."

"Very well, my dear," he said gently, laying the third letter aside. "Shall I tell them that they may come to you for their answers or what?"

"I—don't know what to say, father. I'll feel brighter in the morning. You know I was dancing all night."

"Plenty of time, dear. Run off to bed now and get some beauty sleep—not that you need any!"

She bent suddenly and kissed him ere she fled from the room, but she left something on his cheek which Simon Webb angrily brushed aside, and then he lifted his voice and called names for five straight minutes. At last he paused for breath and reached down the group photograph showing the office force of Quincy & Webb.

In the foreground was the form of a finely put together, good looking young man. Dark of feature, with clear, straightforward eyes, there was a purposeful look to the whole face. It lacked the strained expression begotten of the tearing, hurrying race for money. Bob Quincy might be the slowcoach of the family, but he was by no means the fool that Simon Webb had called him. There was a quiet, masterful air about him which Simon had never been able to overcome, and yet the younger man had never been lacking in respect to either of the heads of the house.

"The fool of the family," ejaculated Simon bitterly as he struck the picture a smart tap with his lean finger—"a blind fool. What is he thinking of? And she—I wish I could forget how my little girl looked when she found he wasn't one of the three!" He turned and flung the picture into the fire.

"Like a boy's love," said Simon bitterly. "Why couldn't it have been one of the others, eh?"

One morning a week later, when Mr. Webb reached his office, he was requested to step into the private room of the senior partner. There he found Mr. Quincy and his eldest son. Bob was wearing his old alpaca office coat, and a pen was stuck behind his ear. He placed a chair for Mr. Webb and withdrew into the background.

"You'll be surprised at my news, Webb," began Mr. Quincy ponderously. "It's rather a sudden decision. You see, my doctor says if I don't get out of business of my own accord I'll drop out anyway, so I've concluded to withdraw and let Bob take my place."

"Bob?" ejaculated Simon Webb contemptuously. He turned around and cast a withering glance over the stalwart form of the new member of the firm. "What does Bob know about the business except to oversee the trial balances, eh?"

Mr. Quincy's huge bulk of flesh quivered with silent laughter. "You don't know Bob, Mr. Webb. Just give him a chance. I'll back him against any fellow I know, or you know either, to win out."

"What about the other three boys, Tom, Dick and Frank?" sputtered Webb tactlessly, but Quincy only smiled broadly at the suggestion.

"Skyrockets, all three of them," he said seriously. "Take my word, Webb, I know what I'm talking about. Bob's been holding back from taking an authoritative position because he feels that the old man's entitled to all the glory he has earned in the past. He has told me that if he had his way there'd be only one Quincy so long as I chose to remain in the business, but don't forget for one minute that Bob knows the business. Now, let's talk it over amicably."

"Let her go," said Webb grudgingly.

Bob Quincy came forward and joined the conference. At the end of an hour Simon Webb had changed his mind regarding Bob Quincy. In fact, he had difficulty to keep out of his telltale eyes the admiration he felt for the clean cut, clever man of business this fool of the family had proved to be. "He's another kind of fool just the same," he told himself savagely, but he was doomed to change his opinion about this at once.

"I've got to go down and see my daughter off; she's sailing for Bermuda at 10 o'clock," he said, rising suddenly and jamming on his hat.

Bob Quincy was on his feet in an instant, tearing off the alpaca coat, flinging aside the pen behind his ear, no longer a quiet, capable man of affairs, but a hot, tempestuous youth, awake to a great truth which has suddenly been revealed to him.

"What steamer?" he demanded authoritatively.

"The Annah," replied Simon meekly, grasping his cane and opening the door.

But Bob Quincy was ahead of him. He had dashed out and returned shrugging himself into his coat, his hat on wrong side before, his eyes blazing with excitement.

"I've got to see her before she goes," he said impatiently, "if you'll let me pass, sir!"

"See who?" asked his father and Simon mechanically.

"Why, Dorothy. I'll tell you about it when I come back," he tossed over his shoulder and was gone.

Simon Webb sank back in a chair and removed his hat. "They won't want me," he said smilingly. Then he added, with a twinkle in his eyes: "He didn't ask my permission, William. I suppose he'll ask it afterward, eh?"

"Surest thing," grinned back his partner. "I asked the girl first, and then told her father I wanted her. What did you do, Simon?"

"Same thing," confessed Simon Webb, "and I have a feeling that Bob Quincy's off the same piece. You know, I've always called Bob a fool. Well, William, I've come to believe he's the wisest fool I ever met."

THE STRANGER

How He Secured Damages From a Railroad Company

By DOROTHEA HALE

"Tickets!"

The conductor stood by a man with his hat over his eyes, apparently asleep. He made no response to the demand, and the conductor poked him. The passenger woke up, blinked his eyes at the conductor, then began to feel for his pocketbook. It was not in his hip pocket, where he first looked for it, and he began a series of sudden thrusts in all his other pockets.

"Conductor," he said, not having found it, "some pickpocket has relieved me of my tickets and $90 in cash."

"Ticket!" repeated the conductor, apparently oblivious to this ingenuous excuse.

"I tell you I've been robbed of my ticket. Pass me to the end of the road and I will see that you get one as soon as I can cash a draft."

"Give me either a ticket or the money for your fare or you'll have to get off the train."

"What—in all this rain?"

"Yes, in all this rain. In the first place, you were not asleep at all when I came round, but pretended to be. In the second place, you can't beat your way on this road, and, in the third, fork over or I'll put you off."

Other passengers were by this time interested in the debate. They saw the man look at the conductor with a peculiar expression, in which surprise and condemnation were mingled. Though young, his face had in it the look of one who was accustomed to command. His clothes were covered with the dust of travel, but were not shabby. As he looked at the conductor his countenance hardened; then he said quietly:

"Put me off."

The conductor siezed the bell cord, pulled it vigorously, and the train came to a stop between two fields.

The road was ditched on both sides and the passenger had difficulty in finding a footing. The train started on. He stood staring at it for a few moments, then looked about him for shelter. There was but one house in sight, and that was fully two miles away. The rain beat down, wetting the ejected passenger to the skin, and a cold northeast wind intensified its chill. Taking a glance at the probable best route by which to reach the house mentioned, he started toward it.

He was an hour reaching it, facing as he did the storm and several times having to retrace his steps. On arriving he found it to be far better than the average farmhouse and was received by kind hearted, hospitable persons. He begged shelter and some dry clothing, which was given him, but a chill warned him that he had better go to bed at once.

His hosts, the Livermore family, consisted of the father, mother and their daughter, Jennie. The father had been obliged on account of ill health to take up his residence in the country and was trying to make a living by farming. Though he had become well again, he found his city life had not given him the experience a farmer needs, and he was rapidly running in debt. Nevertheless the family was all kindness to the stranger. His chill was succeeded by a fever, and in less than a week he was at the point of death. Then he rallied and in a short time was convalescent.

During his illness Mrs. Livermore was his chief attendant, but when he was getting well she turned him over to her daughter. The weather was becoming warm, and Jennie placed a big chair on the porch for him and covered him with blankets. There he sat most of the day in the sunshine.

From the porch he could look down on the railroad and the place where he was ejected in that pitiless storm.

"It's a shame," said his little nurse, Jennie, "that you should have been forced to risk your life as you were. How much would it cost to sue the company?"

"Why do you ask?" The invalid looked at the girl's indignant features with interest.

"Because I had a legacy of $200 left me not long ago, and if that would do I think I would let you have it."

The stranger regarded her with an amused expression. Such unthinking generosity was refreshing.

"Will you give it to me for the purpose of securing justice?" he asked.

She sat, turning the matter over in her mind for a few minutes, and at last generosity won.

"Yes," she said resolutely, "I will. Only you mustn't say anything to father or mother about the matter, for they might not approve."

"Probably not," replied the stranger sententiously. "I may accept your offer. Keep your money where you can have it ready whenever I call for it."

The stranger sent for funds, which he received during his convalescence and paid his physician. He begged to be permitted to pay for at least his keeping. But this was refused him.

He had written the auditor of the railroad company by which he had suffered, stating his case and asking what indemnity would be paid, if any. The reply was that the company admitted no legal liability whatever, but if he would state the lowest sum he would take in settlement his claim would be considered.

When the stranger read this he was sitting on the porch and Jennie was attending him. He smiled, and Jennie asked him at what he was smiling.

"I will name a very low sum—the amount you propose to lend me to try the case. After that I shall hear nothing more from the auditor."

"Why not?"

"Because his object is to induce me to name a sum that I will accept for my claim. He will file my reply, and if the case ever comes to trial he will show it as evidence that $200 was all I had asked in settlement."

"How do you know so much about these matters?"

"Kindly give me writing materials," replied the stranger without answering her question, "and I will prove to you that I am right."

He wrote a letter offering to accept $200 in settlement for his claims, asking an immediate reply since he was about to leave the place from which his offer was made. Though he remained there two weeks longer, no answer came.

"I wonder how in the wide world you knew all that?" remarked Jennie.

But the stranger did not seem inclined to explain things. When he was strong enough he went away, giving heartfelt thanks to all his benefactors and bidding Jennie a tender goodby.

"Now, remember," he said at parting with her, "if I send to you for that $200 you won't go back on me, will you?"

"But didn't that offer you made spoil it all?" she asked.

"Yes; it worked in that way, but there are other ways."

Jennie's confidence in this young man, who seemed to know so much about railroad methods, was perfect, and she promised to send the money when called for. Then the stranger went away, and they heard no more of him for months. Spring passed into summer, and the early autumn came. Then Jennie received a letter from the stranger, saying that he was using her legacy without really having it in his possession. He explained that he was doing it on the credit system, which made it just as valuable to him as cash. This was all Greek to Jennie, but she remembered how he had foretold what the auditor of the railroad would do, and she wrote back that it was all right. She was glad he was getting the benefit of her money and hoped he would make the railroad company pay at least his doctor's bill.

During the summer the stock of the said company began to go up and down, sometimes jumping five points at a time, then sinking ten points. Sometimes it would remain at a fixed price for weeks, then gradually settle. Within a few months, passing through these changes, it sank from par to half that value. Everybody wondered what was going on "behind the scenes" to cause such fluctuations and such a recession of price. But nobody seemed to know. After awhile it began to rise and went back to par.

When the annual meeting of the directors came around an unknown man walked into the room where it was held and showed certificates to the amount of 53 per cent of the capital stock. He presented the names of a new board and, holding a majority of the stock, elected every one of them. Most of his votes were by proxy.

"You are"— asked the astonished president of the man who held them.

"I am vice president of the R. T. and G. line, on the Pacific coast. Last spring I came east on business for my road. I was robbed of my pocketbook on entering a train on your road and, having neither money nor tickets, was put off in a storm by your conductor. I contracted pneumonia and came very near dying. Subsequently I offered to accept $200 for my claim against your company, but no reply was made to my offer. On my recovery I made a study of your road and formed a plan to unite it with its feeder. I interested my backers on the Pacific coast and obtained from them the necessary financial equipment. As chairman of the new board I call upon the officers of the company for their resignations."

Not a person present had ever heard of the $200 claim for damages. The president said that if he had known of it he would gladly have settled the claim, paying a just amount. The chairman of the new board said he was glad the president did not know of it, since the investment under the new scheme promised to be a very profitable one.

A few days after these developments Jennie Livermore saw the stranger coming up the walk. She ran out to meet him.

"I've won my suit against the railroad company," he said.

"You don't mean it!"

"Yes, and I must pay you for the use of your legacy, which helped me to win it."

"How much did you get?"

"Your share is in this check."

He handed her a check for $6,040. She failed utterly to grasp what it meant. Then the others of the family came out to welcome him, and he told them how he had secured indemnity from the road for having been put off a train and made ill in consequence. There were additions to the story which interested them far more than the recital thus far. He had also deposited with his broker a check for what he deemed the payment for his stay with them while he was sick—$1,000—and had bought and sold with it the stock of the railroad company he was manipulating. That fund now amounted to over $30,000.

The stranger made another visit to his benefactors, and when he went away he took with him Jennie Livermore.

His Compliment.

A few weeks back a wedding breakfast was given by a substantial farmer blessed with five daughters, the eldest of whom was a bride. A neighbor, a young farmer who was honored with an invitation, thinking no doubt that he ought to say something complimentary upon the event, addressed the bridegroom thus:

"Well, you have got the pick of the batch."

The faces of the four unmarried ones were a study.—London Graphic.

DOING.

Not what I have, but what I do, is my kingdom. To each of us is given a certain inward talent, a certain outward environment of fortune; to each of us, by wisest combination of these two, a certain maximum of capability.—Thomas Carlyle.

FOR THE FARM

Spraying time is almost here. Are you going to spray. It will give you good returns. We have **Small** and **Barre Sprayers**, also spray material.

Or you may have in mind a manure spreader. We represent the **New Idea Manure Spreader.** You can try one and know it is the best before you settle for it. We sell the **Wiard Plow,** both walking and reversible sulkey plows.

Spring and Spike-tooth **Harrows** and Evans two-row **Corn Planters,** with double disks, furrow openers and fertilizer attachments complete, also single disk harrows and land rollers, grain drills and metal hog and poultry troughs.

A full line of poultry grit, flax seed meal and farm seeds. **Brookville Wagons,** all sizes. **Gasoline Engines.** Nova Scotia land plaster, nitrate of soda, potash and fertilizers carried in tock. In fact—everything for the farm. Just now we have

A FEW BARGAINS

Are you looking for bargains? Come in and look us over. It may be to your interest.

JOHN G. DUBBS,

ELLEFONTE - - - PA.

Handing Him One.

Youth—Oh, everything bores one nowadays. Worst of it is, when I'm bored I can't help showing it. Lady—Oh, but you should learn to disguise it under a mask of gayety, like me.—London Punch.

Salt In the Orient.

In oriental countries it is a time honored custom to place salt before strangers as a token and pledge of friendship and good will. Homer called salt divine, and Plato described it as a substance dear to the gods.

Chinese Cooking.

Chinese cooking is either stewing or boiling, and a kettle answers all possible purposes. In the Chinese houses a very thin cast iron kettle is placed over the fire, and everything which the family eats is cooked therein.

Apulia.

The department of Apulia, bordering on the Adriatic, is an ancient division of southeastern Italy. It comprises the provinces of Lecce, Foggia and Bari and has a population of nearly 2,200,000.

The Innocent Joys of Youth.

"Gracious, Fanny!" exclaimed a mother to her little daughter. "Why are you shouting like that? Why can't you be quiet like your brother?"

"He's got to be quiet," replied Fanny. "He's playing papa coming home late."

"And who are you playing?"

"Oh, I'm playing you!"—Harper's Weekly.

An Invitation.

"Mabel," he said, "I love you. I place my happiness in your hands"—

"For goodness sake," she cried pleadingly, "don't do it now."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm quite sure I'll need both hands in a minute or so to keep you from kissing me."—Philadelphia Press.

BE READY.

In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscles trained; know'st thou when fate
Thy measure takes? Or when she'll say to thee:
"I find thee worthy; do this thing for me?" —Emerson.

DREER'S

Seeds
Plants
Bulbs

The seeds you sow make your garden a success—or a failure.

With Dreer's Dependable Seeds you are assured of success, because they are the result of seventy-five years of experimenting and testing by experts. Only what experience has proved to be the *best* are offered.

Dreer's Diamond Jubilee Garden Book for 1913 contains cultural articles written by experts. It lists every dependable flower and vegetable, has 288 pages with photo-reproductions on every page, four beautiful color plates and six duotone plates.

write for a Copy—free

Henry A. Dreer 714 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

"He Must Have a Bell Telephone"

To be without a Bell Telephone is to be woefully handicapped. To have no Bell Telephone in the home is to close the door to friends; in business, to bar the door to opportunity.

The words: "*See if they're in the telephone book,*" have become as universal as the Bell Telephone itself—and to be thus sought and found is to your advantage and decided gain.

The cost of the service is negligibly low when you consider what you may do, where you may go, by simply lifting your telephone receiver.

Call the Business Office to-day.

The Bell Telephone Co. of Penna.
W. S. MALLALIEU, Local Manager.
Bellefonte, Pa.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., May 22, 1913

CHARLES E DORWORTH, - Ed., & Pub.

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The Psychology of Office.

Curious thing how a change plays hob!
You take a man who runs a job
In a sensible way, whether office or shop,
Put him in government—See him slop!

Up in the air at once he goes;
Fifteen kinds of fits he throws;
Intellect sinks down by the head.
Talk of angels fearing to tread!

Slops about the rights of man:
Makes Tom Payne look an old tin pan!
Look out, business, clear the track!
Regular methods get the sack.

Isn't a thing he won't understand,
Tariff? Plain as the back of your hand!
Intricacies of government, son?
Isn't a thing that he can't run!

Curious thing how a change plays hob!
Sensible, sane in his private job,
In the public place he slops about,
And slops and slops—till he passes out.

MAURICE MORRIS, in the N. Y. Sun.

THE SENATORSHIP.

United States Senator Penrose has announced his intention to submit his candidacy for re-election to a popular vote next year. The federal law requires this of all candidates for the Senate and Mr. Penrose is first in the field as an aspirant under the new system. That there will be several others in the race to oppose him for the high honor is reasonably certain. In fact, all indications are for one of the most exciting and spirited campaigns in the history of Pennsylvania politics.

Governor Tener, former Senator P. C. Knox, William Flinn and several others have been mentioned as likely aspirants for the Penrose toga. Whether any or all of them will be round on the firing line when the bell rings remains to be seen. Governor Tener has been closely allied with the Penrose element in Republican circles. Mr. Knox has never classed himself as anything but a regular Republican, although he has carefully avoided identifying himself as a Penrose or anti-Penrose adherent where that issue has figured. He was first appointed to the Senate to the vacancy caused by the death of Matthew Stanley Quay and subsequently was elected to a full term. He eventually resigned to become Secretary of State, George T. Oliver being chosen to the vacancy thus created.

If Mr. Flinn enters the field as a candidate for Senator it will be as the choice of the Progressives whom he led under the Roosevelt banner in the last November campaign. Information already at hand gives warrant for the statement that Colonel Roosevelt will take an active part in the Senatorial fight and that he will personally tour the State in opposition to Penrose. The latter virtually opens his campaign today with an address to an agricultural and good roads convention in Washington County. He has let it become known that in the next year he will invade every county in the State and personally press his claims to another term.

The amendment to the federal constitution providing for election of Senators by popular vote gives to the people of Pennsylvania the opportunity to elect the candidate of their choice in 1914. It has long been contended that they have been denied this privilege in the past. Under the constitution Senators could be elected only by the Legislature, and the system itself was always open to the criticism that the will of the people could not properly be expressed. No such criticism can hold good in the future. Under the new system any citizen may enter the race for Senator and the people will have before them the opportunity to vote as they please. It will lie directly in their power to say whether the next Senator shall be Mr. Penrose, or Governor Tener, or Mr. Knox, or Mr. Flinn, or any other person of their own choosing.

The field is open to all. May the best man win and then let all Republicans rally behind him for a united party and victory.

GET BUSY.

How an outside man is quick to see and note the needs of some particular town, especially a town in which he is personally interested, was illustrated on the occasion of a visit a few days ago by Ira D. Garman, now a successful jeweller in Philadelphia. A former Bellefonte boy, and well and favorably known here, he has never quite got away from the thought that some time he will return and make Bellefonte his home.

Mr. Garman was here but a few hours on his recent visit when he placed his finger upon the key to the situation affecting Bellefonte's development in the immediate future. Commenting on the great future in store for State College and the activity nearer home that will attend the building of the new penitentiary, Mr. Garman pointedly remarded:

"If Bellefonte is to share in this growth and activity there must be a trolly line from here to State College."

What he says is true. Most everybody knows it to be true and lets it go at that. A dream indulged in by too many of our business men is that outside capital will stumble into Bellefonte, perhaps by accident, and build the trolley line. Then, of course, everybody would be glad to step in and share such business activity as would result from the improvement.

Conditions of several years ago were adverse to the building of a trolley line from Bellefonte to State College. But conditions now are different. We believe that great as has been the advancement scored by State College greater growth is still to come. Bellefonte can and will share in that prosperity if a trolley line is built. With the building of the new prison there will be need for several scores of homes for officials. Their natural preference would be to have homes in Bellefonte where their families might be educated and be surrounded with social life. The value to a town in securing such a number of additional and desirable families will at once be appreciated by all. But unless a trolley line is built these officials will be compelled to establish homes nearby the prison and Bellefonte will be the loser.

The prison plans as laid out provide for what will unquestionably be the greatest institution of its kind in the world. It will attract visitors from all directions. The number of visitors to any large prison is a business factor of no little consequence. Were a trolley line from Bellefonte running to the prison grounds Bellefonte would be the logical stopping place for these visitors every month in the year. Without a trolley line it is difficult to see how visitors may make Bellefonte their headquarters.

It is undoubtedly true that outside capital must be found if a trolley line is to be built, but Bellefonte can encourage outside capital to come here by putting up a part of the money. The investment might not, probably would not, pay a direct return from the earnings of the trolley line in the first few years, but every Bellefonte business man would profit indirectly. It costs money to get business and the people who get business are the ones who go after it.

To our mind, the building of a trolley line to State College is a matter calling for the serious and liberal consideration of every business man in Bellefonte.

A REMEDY NEEDED.

The Legislature at Harrisburg should not adjourn without providing a remedy for a situation applying in a peculiar way to Centre County. The need for such a remedy is made clear in the acquittal yesterday of William Hogan on the charge of running away from the new penitentiary nearby Bellefonte. Had he been convicted the cost of maintaining him in the penitentiary for the additional term would have fallen upon Centre County for the one reason that the man's latest crime was committed within the county. In a short time there will be upward of two thousand prisoners in custody in Centre County. All who may escape and are captured and sentenced to additional terms technically become charges of Centre County. There is a rapidly growing sentiment against this new condition. It was manifested in pointed fashion in the acquittal of Hogan Unless the condition is remedied it will be next to impossible to secure conviction for like offenses in the local courts. Unless the crime of jail breaking is severely punished a most serious situation would soon develop at the new penitentiary.

The matter is one which calls for prompt action by the Legislature. Some way should be found to impose on the State, and not on Centre County, the cost of maintaining prisoners convicted and sentenced for escaping from the new penitentiary.

"INDEED," SAYS HASTINGS JUST BEFORE ARREST

Major Not Disturbed by His Shooting of Ross Hickok.

MAY LAND IN ASYLUM

The greatest interest was manifested here in the despatches in the city newspapers telling of the shooting of Ross A. Hickok by Major William Hastings at Harrisburg last Thursday night. Major Hastings some few months ago spent considerable time in Bellefonte and while here had printed and mailed to residents of the town a letter reviewing his troubles and telling of his claim against the Hastings estate for a large amount of money.

When Mrs. D. H. Hastings closed her home here and went to Harrisburg Major Hastings, who is a brother of the late Governor, also quit town. Shortly afterward he turned up at Harrisburg. On numerous occasions he demanded money of Mr, Hickok, who is the husband of Mrs. Hastings' daughter, Helen. His requests were refused and on Thursday night last he went to the Hickok home. Miss Sarah Hastings answered the bell and Major Hastings brushed her aside and walked into the house. The family were at dinner. Mr. Hickok left the table to learn what was wanted. He threw Major Hastings out of the house and the latter whipped out an automatic revolver and opened fire. Eight shots were fired but one, only, took affect, this entering Mr. Hickok's abdomen. His wound is not serious. Major Hastings then started up the street. When surrounded by policemen he opened fire on them. One of his bullets struck Louise Knisely, a 9 years old child, in the foot. The police returned the fire and Major Hastings was shot in the arm. He is now in the Harrisburg jail. It is likely that he will be confined in an asylum for the insane.

The Harrisburg "Telegraph," in its account of the incident, published an interview with F. H. Hoy, a member of Select Council in Harrisburg, who witnessed the capture of Major Hastings by the police. Mr. Hoy said:

"I was on my way home to supper when I saw a big crowd of people around the house at which Hastings boards. Some folks told me that policemen who were after a man who had shot another man were in the house. I waited, and while I stood at Herr and Third a tall, dignified-looking, white-haired old gentleman came up the street.

"What's all this fuss about?" he inquired.

"Someone told him that the officers were after a man who had shot another. 'And,' his informant added, 'they think he's in that house.'

" 'Indeed' coolly responded the old man. Then he leisurely posted a letter in the mail box on the corner and strolled down Herr street.

"Somehow, someone must have had a suspicion that this was the man the police were after, for the officers piled out of the house a little later and started down Herr street, and, I think, up Green, after him.

"Another man and myself followed and when we got to the vicinity of Susquehanna and Verbeke streets we heard the firing. We looked down Verbeke street and what we saw was something to see, I tell you.

"In the street stood Hastings. And he was blazing away at the policemen, who were returning the fire from behind convenient trees. I thought he had a gun in each hand, but I may have been wrong. These four policemen and that man they wanted to get—and they evidently wanted him badly—were certainly going to it. Finally we saw Hastings throw down a gun and throw up his hands. The cops closed in upon him then—and when they all got into the street Hastings' hand slipped round to his hip and he brought out that automatic. And he began to blaze away again. That time Patrolman Lyne, I believe, fired to hit him and Hasting got the ball in his arm.'

Major Hastings was taken to a hospital, where his injured arm was dressed, and then lodged in jail.

Policeman Buch was with Hastings on the patrol wagon. As they drove away from the hospital Buch asked Hastings:

"What was your motive in shooting Mr. Hickok?" He said:

"Well, you know I am the brother of former Governor Hastings, and for the past fifteen years I have been trying to get $69,000 that the estate owes me. Yesterday I wrote to Ross Hickok and told him that I wanted to talk about the matter with him, and I would be willing to compromise on one-tenth of that amount.

"Here I am with that money due me, without enough money to pay my board. That's a pretty way for me to be in, isn't it?

"Well I went around to see Ross this afternoon, and he threw me out of the house, when I started to tell him what I wanted. Naturally I took a shot at him. I didn't want to kill him. If I had wanted to I could often have done it, when we have been alone together, and I could have killed him tonight. I just took a shot at him."

Policeman Buch asked him why he had shot at the officers.

"You see I am an old soldier," the old man said. "And you know how a soldier is when he is in danger or gets in a corner. His first impulse is to protect himself. Well, I saw I was in a corner, and I don't know what it was except such an impulse that started me shooting. I was cornered and I just shot away."

When he reached the police station he was searched. Policeman Buch in going through his clothes, found a pen knife.

Hastings remarked:

"I couldn't do much harm with that."

Buch said it was dangerous and Hastings answered him:

"I guess it would be if you knew where to put it."

WAR VETERAN DEAD

Henry H. Heaton Passed Away at Daughter's Home at Blanchard.

Henry Hanawalt Heaton, a splendid type of citizen and a veteran of the Civil war, passed away on Wednesday evening of last week at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Orville Stover, in Blanchard. His death was hastened by a stroke of paralysis suffered on the previous Saturday. He had suffered a first stroke about five years ago, but had fully recovered. Funeral services were held on Saturday morning at 11 o'clock from the Stover home, after which the body was removed to Milesburg where services were held in the Baptist church, conducted by Rev. S. S. Clark, the pastor, assisted by Rev. Mr. Lathrope, of Mt. Union, and Rev. F. L. Barton, of Turbotville, a former pastor of the Milesburg and Blanchard circuit. Interment was made in the Messiah cemetery near Milesburg.

Mr. Heaton was born at Milesburg September 1, 1828, so that at the time of his death he was well on to his eighty-fourth milestone. His entire life was spent in the vicinity of Milesburg with the exception of the period when he was at the front in defense of the flag and the latter few years when he removed to Blanchard to make his home with his daughter. During the Civil war he served with credit to himself and his country as a member of Company F, 148th Penna Vols. He was also a member of the G. A. R. A consistent, active and earnest member of the Baptist church and an honorary member of the W. C. T. U., he lived an exemplary life and by all who knew him he was held in the higest esteem. Surviving to mourn his passing away are these daughters and sons: Mrs. Orville Stover, of Blanchard; Mrs. George Neff, of Sharon; J. Frank Heaton, of Youngstown, Ohio; George S. Heaton, of Renovo. A daughter, Mrs. Eliza Eckley, died in February, 1912. Surviving also are these brothers and sisters: Michael Heaton, of Yarnell; David W. Heaton, of Martha Furnace; Mrs. Jane Williams, of Lock Haven; Mrs. Martha Snyder, of Fisher's Ferry Nothumberland County; Mrs. Bella Robb, of Avis, and Mrs. Sarah Poorman, of Bellefonte.

DR. A. W. HAFER DEAD

Well Known Resident of Bellefonte Succumbed to Cancer.

Dr. Aaron William Hafer, for many years a well known resident of Bellefonte, died at the Bellefonte hospital on Thursday night, last, at 11.25 o'clock. His death followed an illness which assumed an acute stage but a comparatively short time before he passed away. An operation was finally decided upon and his family were summoned home. He died from cancer of the intestines. Funeral services were held on Monday morning at 10 o'clock from the Methodist Episcopal church, conducted by the pastor, Rev. E. H. Yocum. Interment was made in the Union cemetery. The services at the grave were conducted by the Knights of the Golden Eagle.

Deceased was born in Miles township and at the time of his death he was aged 67 years, 9 months and 16 days. He was a son of Moses and Katharine Hafer. He was twice married, his first wife being Martha Jane Beck. His second wife was Laura May Hess, who survives, as do also these children: Laura K. Hafer, wife of Francis S. Hamilton, of New Haven, Conn.; Alpha G., also of New Haven, and F. Jane and W. Talmage, at home.

How's This ?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE.
Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonial sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Never can tell when you'll mash a finger or suffer a cut, bruise, burn or scald. Be prepared. Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil instantly relieves the pain—quickly cures the wound.—Advt.

Comparative Digestibility of Food

Made with different Baking Powders

From a Series of Elaborate Chemical Tests:

An equal quantity of bread (biscuit) was made with each of three different kinds of baking powder—cream of tartar, phosphate, and alum—and submitted separately to the action of the digestive fluid, each for the same length of time.

The relative percentage of the food digested is shown as follows:

Bread made with Royal Cream of Tartar Powder:

100 Per Cent. Digested

Bread made with phosphate powder:

68¼ Per Cent. Digested

Bread made with alum powder:

67¾ Per Cent. Digested

These tests, which are absolutely reliable and unprejudiced, make plain a fact of great importance to everyone: Food raised with Royal, a cream of tartar Baking Powder, is shown to be entirely digestible, while the alum and phosphate powders are found to largely retard the digestion of the food made from them.

Undigested food is not only wasted food, but it is the source of very many bodily ailments.

Daniel Callahan Dead.

Daniel Callahan, who was in many respects a remarkable old man, died at 4 o'clock on Saturday morning, last, at the home of his son, Daniel Callahan, Jr., near Linden Hall. His death was due to a complication of diseases incident to old age. At the time of his passing away he was 84 years old. Funeral services were held on Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock, at Centre Hall. Mr. Callahan was especially well known throughout Centre County and by all he was well liked and admired. Endowed with a wonderful constitution he was one of the greatest walkers in all this section of the State. About two years ago he went out to the top of the Nittany mountain, picked a bucket of blackberries and carried them home. Although then 82 years old he thought nothing of the incident. Back in 1846, while coming to this country, he was shipwrecked and rode a spar for two days and one night before being rescued. His remarkable vitality seemed to withstand the ravages of time until recently. A few years ago he had a small amount of money coming to him from a man in Lock Haven. He walked from near Linden Hall to Lock Haven, collected the debt of about $7 and walked back home. Mr. Callahan was born in County Killare, Ireland. When a young man he came to this country and located at what is now North Bend From there he removed to Centre County and made his home at Black Hawk, near Linden Hall. His wife preceded him to the grave about thirteen years ago. Surviving him are four daughters and three sons, as follows: Mrs. Ella Whiteman, of Snow Shoe; Mrs. John Raymond, of Bellefonte; Mrs. George Bush, of 3006 Oak Avenue, Altoona; Mrs. Anna Forsel, of Dages, Elk County; John Callahan, of Sinnemahoning; James, of Gregg Station, and Daniel, of near Linden Hall.

John M. Healy Dead.

John M. Healy, proprietor of the Moshannon House, Munson, died Thursday morning May 15th, 1913, at his home in that place, of pleurisy and pneumonia, with which he had been ailing for the past ten days.

The deceased was 32 years of age last month and was born at Snow Shoe. He was for some years a N. Y. C. telegraph operator at Munson. He went from there to Karthaus to engage in the hotel business, and about six years ago returned to Munson and bought the Moshannon House.

Mr. Healy is survived by three brothers and six sisters, Thomas, Columbus, Ohio; James, of Patton; Joseph, of Warren; Mrs. Reese, Karthaus; Mrs. Michael McCabe, WilkesBarre; Mrs. Catherine Langton and Mrs. William Sickle, of Snow Shoe; Miss Annie, of Pittsburgh, and Miss Agnes, who made her home with the deceased.

The body was taken to Snow Shoe for interment.

Stops earache in two minutes· toothahe or pain of burn or scald in five minutes; hoarseness, one hour; muscleche, two hours; sore throat, twelve ours—Dr. Thomas Eclectic Oil, onarch over pain.—Advt.

Gregg Post at Church.

On Sunday morning, next, Gregg Post, No. 95, G. A. R., will march in a body to the Presbyterian church to hear a special memorial sermon by the pastor, Rev. Dr. G. E. Hawes. In the afternoon a detail from Gregg Post will visit the Meyers and Shiloh cemeteries where memorial services will be held. On June 1st a detail from Gregg Post will conduct memorial services at Snydertown, at 10 o'clock, A. M.; Hublersburg at 2 P. M. and Zion about 4 P. M.

Everybody likes to see the men the papers write about. Washington is the place to see them, singly and in groups.

Washington

Educational and Pleasure

TOUR

ROUND $13.60 TRIP

From Bellefonte

Two and three-quarters' days in Washington.

Tickets include round-trip transportation, hotels and meals and transfer station to hotel in Washington.

For full particulars concerning leaving time of trains, tickets, and extension of return limit, consult nearest Ticket Agent, or DAVID TODD, Division Passenger Agent, Williamsport, Pa.

Pennsylvania R. R.

A visit to the Capital is the duty of every present and future voter—and their relatives.

For Sale

Located in Milesburg Borough.

Good Comfortable Home

with all modern improvements, complete bath room, acetylene lights, hot air furnace, fine cellar, summer-house, chicken house, pig-pen, garage, gasoline tank, large stable, elegant garden, lot of fruit, nice side yard.

Lot 50 x 150 Feet

All buildings were roofed last year with Cedar shingles and fitted with new rain spouts.

Also a 5-acre field that should go with this home - about 1000 yards from above mentioned property.

Also 1 brick building 45½x78ft, 2 story, suitable for carriage works, livery stable or for any manufacturing purposes. Above premises will be sold at a sacrifice price. Inquire of

MRS. ADA B. BULLOCK,
State College, Pa.

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

Charles E. Walizer was a business visitor to Bellefonte on Monday.

Abram Weber, C. C. Lucas and J. Z. Loder are doing jury duty at the county seat this week.

W. R. McCloskey and son were Bellefonte visitors Monday.

Mrs. William I. Gordon and daughter Mary Elizabeth, of Columbus, Ohio, are visiting relatives about Howard.

Mrs. Patrick Kelley, visited relatives in Bellefonte on Monday.

Mrs. W. L. Cooke and daughter, Mrs. T. O. Wister and Miss Sarah, A. A. Schenck and son Malcolm, were business visitors to Lock Haven on Wednesday.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Longee, of State College, will be pleased to learn that a daughter was born to them Sunday evening.

Mrs. C. M. Fox and Miss Mittie Lucas are visiting at Lamar this week, being called there by the illness of a relative of Mrs. Fox.

The Muffly residence on Main street is undergoing repairs this week. The roof is being raised and changed and the new one will be constructed of asbestos shingles.

The Centre Electric Co. has men at work this week stringing wires in readiness for the operation of their plant.

An interesting program of Memorial Day services has been arranged. On Sunday morning, next, Rev. J. E. Dunning will preach a special sermon in the Methodist Episcopal church. On Thursday, at 1.30 o'clock P. M., there will be a large parade, participated in by the Grand Army Post, Sons of Veterans and civic organizations. The Memorial Day address will be delivered by Rev. Owen Hicks, of DuBoistown. A feature of the day will be the firing of the salute over the graves of veterans by a uniformed squad of the Sons of Veterans. The latter organization is in splendid shape and now has about sixty members.

Gave $500,000 Bail.

Albert W. Freeman, of Ramsey, N. J., recently convicted of using the mails to defraud in promoting worthless mining securities, was released in New York pending an appeal to the higher courts. Freeman put up $500,000 in stocks and bonds as bail, the largest bail bond of record.

Pine Grove Mills.

Henry Bloom and wife spent Sunday with the former's mother at Bloomdorf.

Miss Ella Parsons, of Unionville, was a Rock Springs visitor last week.

Mrs. W. C. Frank is illwith hemorrhages of the bowels.

Mrs. Mary Dale and daughter were Fairbrook visitors several days last week.

O. P. Bloom and wife spent Sunday with the latter's mother at McElavey's Fort.

J. D. Dreibelbis and family were entertained at the Houck home Sunday. They just dropped in to remind him of his 55th birthday anniversary and extend congratulations.

The marriage of Miss Sara Kepler, youngest daughter of Captain and Mrs. J. M. Kepler, and Edward Grapp was solemnized Wednesday afternoon at 5 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents in the Glades. Rev. L. S. Spangler, pastor of the Lutherah church performed the ceremony, which was witnessed by only the immediate families of the contracting parties. The wedding march was played by the bride's sister, Miss Florence Kepler. The happy young couple were the recipients of many handsome gifts in gold and silver. Following a splendid luncheon the newly wedded couple departed on a honeymoon tour to the Great Lakes. They will go to housekeeping at Cincinnati, where the groom is engaged as a civil engineer. He is a Penn State man, class of 1911. The bride is a talented musician and is well and favorably known in social and musical circles. She is admirably qualified to grace the new home awaiting her in Ohio. Her host of friends extend hearty congratulations and best wishes for good luck, good health and much happiness and prosperity.

The Henry Houcks yesterday visited their old home at WarriorsMark.

A class of twelve yesterday took the examination for teachers, conducted by County Superintendent Etters at the old Pine Grove Academy.

Miss Bettie Kimport returned home Thursday from the Altoona hospital. She seems to be quite well.

Samuel H. Bailey, the veteran hunter, lost his best mare of Belgium breed last week. The animal dropped dead in the wagon.

Charley Louck has the auto fever.

J. N. Everts went to Bedford on Monday and returned home with a new buzz wagon.

Tommy Glenn, of Bellefonte, and John Shuey and wife were Sunday visitors at the Glenn home west of town.

J. B. Austin, State road inspector, was entertained at the N. T. Krebs home over Sunday.

Miss Ella Livingston is making a two weeks visit among friends in Tyrone, Huntingdon and Saulsburg.

Fred Williams and wife were Sunday visitors at his brother Ray's at Tadpole.

Mrs. James Smith and daughter, Minerva, and two grand-daughters, Sarah and Genevieve, are visiting friends near Hagerstown.

That popular bird, the stork, was liberal last week, leaving a son with Mr. and Mrs. Forest Struble, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Leitzel, a daughter at the Harry Allen home and a little Elmer Garner at John Rockey's and twins at Clair Stamm's house.

Fred Carter, of Centre Hall, spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. Sallie Bloom, at Bloomdorf.

Newton Miller, of Altoona, has been here the past week.

Fred B. Goss, who is holding down a good clerical job in the Carnegie Steel Co. works, at Pittsburgh, is here for his share of fishing. He is a guest of J. W. Kepler.

Robert Reed, one of Patton township's progressive farmers, with his son were Rock Springs visitors last Friday.

Memorial Day exercises will be held on May 30th at 2 o'clock P. M. The civic organizations and Sunday schools will form at the town hall and march to the various cemeteries. Col. H. S. Taylor, of Bellefonte, will make the address. The Boalsburg band will lead the way and furnish music. There will also be a choir. The next objective point is Pine Hall at 6 P. M. The boys of Camp 70 will be in front and the Sunday school pupils will decorate the graves of fallen heroes. Rev. L. S. Spangler will deliver the address. Everybody cordially invited.

N. E. Hess and wife and Johnie journied to Altoona on Friday in their new Cadillac car, returning home Sunday evening.

Henry Hoover, the popular stock man from Tyrone, was here last week and bought some fat cattle for his block.

John E. Bressler, a representative of Penns valley Lodge, No. 276, I. O. O. F., is attending the Grand Lodge at Gettysburg this week.

Carpenter S. A. Dunlap had a close call for his life a few days ago. He was working at the Mrs. Way home and was standing on an outside scaffolding when the timbers gave way and he fell onto a pile of stones with a part of the scaffolding on top of him. At first it was feared that his back was broken. It turned out that his left arm had been fractured at the same place it was broken about 30 years ago. He was terribly bruised from head to foot. He was taken home and his injuries dressed, but it will be many days before he is out of bed. His helper fortunately caught and held onto a board and was rescued with a ladder. He was but little injured.

Mt. Eagle

Roland Butler, son of Billy Butler, who has been absent from here for quite a while, came home on Tuesday evening of last week. Mr. and Mrs. Robb, of Nittany Valley, are visiting with the Butlers. Mrs. Robb is a daughter of Mr. Butler.

Mrs. Archie Bathurst and daughter and Lilly Bryan, of near Curtin, were shopping visitors in Howard on Saturday.

Mrs. T. G. Leathers and Earl Leathers were shopping visitors in Bellefonte on Saturday.

The quarantine for smallpox was lifted at the one home here where the disease had existed.

The Butler boy is recovering from his recent severe illness.

E. E. Heverly was a business visitor to Bellefonte on Saturday.

Mrs. Albert Aikey, of Bellwood, accompanied by her daughter, are spending some time at the home of grandfather Deitz.

Mrs. McCallion, of Howard, visited a few evenings ago at the home of her son, Al. Strickland.

Interesting sermons were delivered in the Mt. Eagle church for the Disciples both morning and afternoon last Sunday.

Mrs. Thomas Lucas and daughter, from Nittany Valley, attended church service here last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Fry, of Marsh Creek, were guests at the Will Robertson home a few evenings ago.

MAY BUILD STANDPIPE

Council Considers Plans for Improving Fire Protection Service.

Council at its Monday night meeting considered the question of affording better fire protection to residents of the extreme ends of East Howard and East Linn Streets. No decision was reached. James D. Seibert, of the Water Committee, reported that a loop connecting East Howard and East Linn Street, via Wilson Street, with a six-inch main, would cost the borough upward of $1200. He explained that this improvement would not, of course, increase the water pressure in any other part of town. An increase in pressure at all high points in the borough, he stated, could be had only by the erection of a standpipe in the reservoir. This would cost upward of $300. Mr. Seibert explained that a greater pressure would result from a standpipe while the pumps were in operation, but that when the pumps were not working the pressure would be no greater than at present.

Dr. J. M. Brockerhoff occupied the president's chair toward the close of the meeting, Mr. Keller retiring to deliver an address before the Study Class at the High School building. Dr. Brockerhoff indicated by the general drift of questions submitted to Mr. Seibert that any money spent for improving fire protection should be expended along such lines as would benefit all parts of the borough rather than any one particular section. The cost of 4-in and 6-in mains was discussed at some length, Council being unanimous in the belief that 6-inch mains are the cheapest in the end. The entire subject was referred to the Water Committee for further consideration and report at the next meeting.

William J. Singer Dead.

William J. Singer, at one time a resident of Bellefonte and for two terms District Attorney of Centre County, died on Wednesday of last week in New York City, where he had made his home for ten years or more. His death was due to heart failure and Bright's disease. Funeral services were held in New York on Friday and interment was made in that city. Mr. Singer was a native of Centre County, having been born near Romola. He was a son of Conrad Singer and when a young man was admitted to practice at the Centre County bar. His wife preceded him to the grave some years ago. At the time of his death he was aged 51 years, 1 month and 18 days. Possessed with a genial, jovial disposition Mr. Singer made many friends while a resident of Bellefonte and the news of his death was received with many expressions of regret. While in New York he was engaged in the practice of law and abstract work for a law firm in that city. Surviving him are two sons, Edward and John, who make their home with an aunt at Asheville, North Carolina, also four sisters and one brother, as follows: Mrs. John M. Robb and Miss Melinda Singer, of Howard; Mrs. William Beck, of Snydertown; Mrs. John Rayhorn, of Juniata, and Benjamin Singer, who has been making his home in Lock Haven but who at the present time is in Virginia.

Itching piles provoke profanity, bu profanity won't cure them. Doan's Ointment cures itching, bleeding or protruding piles after years of suffering. At any drug store.—Advt.

PURE OLIVE OIL

Little by little the American public is coming to recognize the desirable quality of Pure Olive Oil. There is a great difference in quality of so called Olive Oil—much of it is adulterated with Cotton Seed and other cheap oils—The oil we sell is imported in "New Tin Containers" This insures it against contamination in transit —we purchase direct from the importer—Our sales of pure Olive Oil have greatly increased during the past year. Come in and get a book describing "Pyramid Olive Oil", it's manufacture and uses—

Our Motto "The best goods only."

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

F. W. Wingard to Henry Wingard, tract in Penn Township; $1700.

Michael Eby to Lewis D. Orndorf, tract in Haines Township; $1.

Minnie Shanor, et baron, to L. C. Hoover, et ux, premises in Philipsburg; $1.

William F. Way, et al, to Harriet E. Hoover, premises in Unionville; $400.

Edith W. Clever, et al, to W. F. Way, et al, premises in Unionville; $1500.

Charles Bilger, et ux, to Margaret Armstrong, tract in Spring Township; $35.

J. O. C. McCracken, et al, to Clara J. McCracken, et al, tract in Ferguson Township; $1.

J. O. C. McCracken, et al, to J. R. McCracken, tract in Ferguson Township; $2500.

Nancy E. O'Bryan's heirs to Roxanna O. Smith, premises in Bellefonte; $1200.

Carrie E. Martin to Joseph Masden, premises in Liberty Township; $300.

Peter L. Knecht, et ux, to William T. Knecht, 3 tracts in Walker Township; $1.

Cora R. Pearce, et baron, to Harry W. Gunkel, premises in State College; $500.

Mary A. Winkelbleck to G. W. Winkelbleck, tract in Haines Township, $300.

George E. Winkelbleck, et ux, to Catharine R. Minick, tract in Haines Township; $1.

Pine Grove Water Co. to T. G. Cronover, et ux, tract in Ferguson Township; $1188.

Joseph Brockerhoff Trustee to W. H. Johnstonbaugh, tract in Marion Township; $1000.

Henry J. Tibbens, et ux, to G. P. Johnstonbaugh, tract in Marion Township; $6050.

William H. Johnstonbaugh, et ux, to G. P. Johnstonbaugh, tract in Marion Township; $1000.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Walter D. Ludwig,	Boalsburg
Harriett P. Johnston,	Philadelphia
Walter Ressler,	Philipsburg
Alma C. Thompson,	"
Fred S. Guisewite,	Akron, O.
Mary E. Stover,	Aaronsburg
Paul E. Bradford,	Centre Hall
Lydia E. Meeker,	Spring Mills
Thos. Symmonds,	Tonawanda, N. Y.
Beulah Bryan,	Bellefonte
Chas. E. Snyder,	State College
Gretta Mingle,	" "
Edward H. Grapp,	Pittsburgh
Sarah Kepler,	Pine Grove Mills

To Civil War Survivors:

Those in need of application blanks to secure transportion to Gettysburg, can obtain them, or should, from any G. A. R. Post, whether they ever were members of a Post or not. Form "A" is used exclusively for men who were in the service and are now residents of Pennsylvania. These forms can also be obtained from Col. Lewis E. Beitler, Secretary, Battle of Gettysburg Commission, Harrisburg, Pa.

D. F. Fortney and W. H. Musser have a few blanks on hand, and will be glad to furnish them to any soldier in need.

WAVERLY

A Thin, Pale Oil

It feeds freely; free from carbon.

Waverly Special Auto Oil

Ideal for either air-cooled or water-cooled autos.

FREE—120 page book—all about oil.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

GASOLINES LAMP OILS

Civic Alphabet.

The Civic Alphabet, as taken from the Norwick, Conn., "Bulletin," applies also to Bellefonte.

A—Aim to make Arbor Day annual "clean-up" day.
B—Banish the tin can district from your city.
C—Clean-up back yards and alleys.
D—Destroy rubbish by burning.
E—Educate housewives to demand clean markets.
F—Fine every club member who does not work.
G—Give free lectures upon civic improvement.
H—Have campaign against unsightly billboards.
I—Interest city authorities in "clean up" day.
J—Join all forces for the anti-dirt crusade.
K—Kill sidewalk spitting or it will kill you.
L—Let your slogan be "do it for home sweet home,"
M—Make requests of preachers for "clean-up" sermons.
N—Next to godliness is cleanliness.
P—Plant trees, and then plant trees and plant more trees.
Q—Question authorities about city expenditure.
R—Remember to plan parks and playgrounds now.
S—Study city ordinances and work for their enforcement.
T—Try to make the school buildings social centers.
U—Use every effort to arouse citizens.
V—Vanquish the opposition with good nature.
W—Wage increasing war upon all weeds, flies and mosquitoes.
X—Xact obedience to the city sanitary laws.
Y—Your city is YOU; never forget that.
Z—Zeal, courage and pstience will "clean-up" the city.
&—And these are good sentiments to keep in mind in Bellefonte.

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE,
Bellefonte Woman's Club.

Penny-A-Word Column.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

WANTED—Sober industrious young man to do dairy work. PARK VIEW DAIRY, Osceola Mills, Pa.

FOR SALE—Single house and lot on WillowBank Street. Inquire MRS. S. E. SATERFIELD, Bishop, Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—One good house. Three offices, steam heated in Exchange Building. Storage rooms.
F. W. CRIDER.

FOR SALE—A medium size safe, in excellent condition, cheap.
REBECCA N. RHOADS
135 West Linn St.

FOR SALE—4 Holstein Freisian cows, springers; also calves of both sexes bred from registered Holstein Freisian bull. R. D. MUSSER, Spring Mills, Pa.

AGENTS—$25. per week proposition one man or woman in each county introducing our Pure Aluminum Cooking Sets; permanent business. Address—Modern Products Co., 2424 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the John Meese store.

Eggs, per dozen	.16
Butter, per pound	.28

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	.95
Wheat, red	1.00
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.50
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.50
Oats, (per bu.)	.35
Rye, (per bu.)	.60
Barley, (per bu.)	.55
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.50

CLASTER'S | BELLEFONTE'S FASTEST GROWING STORE | **CLASTER'S**

TWO WAYS TO PROSPER.

One Way is to do a Limited Business on a Big Margin of Profit.
Second Way is to do a Big Business on a Limited Margin of Profit.

On STYLE PLUS CLOTHES we make a small profit. They are popular as clothes, popular in price, popular in appearance, we are therefore using

Styleplus Clothes $17

as a leader to bring new customers to our store. If we sell you one STYLEPLUS Suit you will come back for another, and while you are here, you may learn to like us, and buy a hat, a shirt or a pair of shoes or merely a necktie You can save good money on your clothes, if you let us convert you to STYLEPLUS. The clothes made by the largest clothing makers in America by specialized and money saving methods. No other store can sell them in town.

Ladies and Misses Handsome Spring Suits.

Consisting of white serge, blue and black serge, whip cords, bedford cords, ponges and tropical suitings whose regular prices were $12.50 $15.00 and $18.00 on sale at the price of - - - **$10.00**

MEN'S HATS at $1.00

We have closed out 55 dozen of men's and young men's spring felt and summer straws in all the leading shades and styles. Not a hat in the lot is worth less than $1.50 and upto $2.00 It will pay you handsomely to see these goods as there is abonafidesaving from 50¢ to $1.00 on every hat you choose at - - **$1.00**

Boys' Double Breasted Suits.

With knickerbocker trousers in cashmere, worsteds, and wool mixed cloths' perfectly tailored and elegantly fitting, sizes 8 to 17 years. The former prices were $2.75 $3.25 and $3.50 on sale at this special low price of **$1.98**

WOMEN'S and MISSES SPRING COATS

WHOSE PRICES HAVE COME DOWN

The Coats Are $12.50 & $15.00 value at **$7.50**

Included are the newest effects decreed for mid-summer wear, including chic balkan and mannish topper coats.

BR **EXTRA--EXTRA--SPECIAL FOR Saturday & Monday May 24th. and 26th.**

Men 25c, Balbriggan underwear in ecru aud blue, long and short sleeves, ankle length drawers, size 34 to 46 shirts, drawers 30 to 44 Cut this coupon out and present it when making your purchase limit 2 garments to each customer. Special at - - **12c each**

NEW AUTOMOBILE FEES

Legislature Proposes to increase Cost of License for Big Cars.

The House at Harrisburg has decided to raise the state registration fee on all automobiles of thirty-five horse power and over, but at the same time it has made a slight concession to dealers in motor trucks. The bill would as drawn fix the weight limit of the truck and load at 20,000 pounds, and this has been raised to 22,500 pounds.

When the Buckman automobile bill passed the senate no change was made in the registration fees charged under the present law. Now they are $5 for cars of less than twenty horse power, $10 for those from twenty to fifty horse power and $15 for all over fifty horse power.

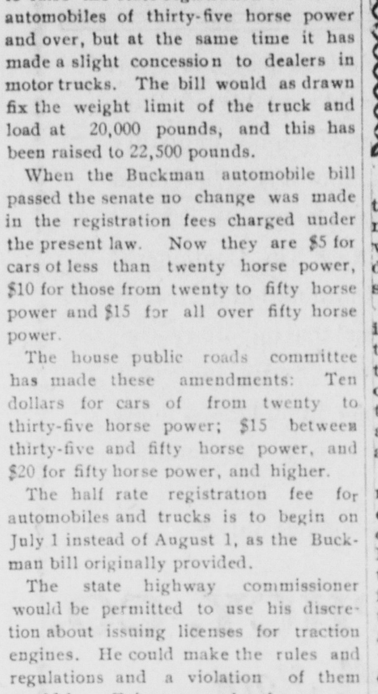
The house public roads committee has made these amendments: Ten dollars for cars of from twenty to thirty-five horse power; $15 between thirty-five and fifty horse power, and $20 for fifty horse power, and higher.

The half rate registration fee for automobiles and trucks is to begin on July 1 instead of August 1, as the Buckman bill originally provided.

The state highway commissioner would be permitted to use his discretion about issuing licenses for traction engines. He could make the rules and regulations and a violation of them would be sufficient cause for the revocation of the license.

Do You Want a Ride?

Every boy and girl in Centre County attending the afternoon performance of the Young Buffalo Wild West, Vernon C. Seaver's Hippodrome and Col. Cummins' Far East which will exhibit here on Saturday, May 24th. for two performances, has been invited to a free ride on a genuine Indian cowpony by Vernon



VERNON C. SEAVER, JR.

C. Seaver Jr., the eleven year old son of the general manager of the exhibition. Vernon is the youngest cowboy in the world. He is a fine rider and a splendid marksman. Attired in a regulation cowboy costume, he makes a striking picture of happy, contented boyhood. That all the boys and girls of this city who have been deprived of a romp on the "plains" on a cowpony, may experience the joys of their young host, Vernon has arranged to have all the grownup cowboys enter the arena prior to the afternoon performance and chaperone his little friends over the "bad land."

It will be exciting sport for the "kiddies" you may be sure, for the hated redskin may be lurking behind some boulder in the big arena, but the cowboys will be present in such numbers that the children will be returned safely to their proud parents.

Megalomaniac.

"Plimbock seems to have a high opinion of himself."

"Yes, indeed. Why, every time Plimbock shaves himself he thinks he's making history."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Aftermath.

"Now, Archie," said his teacher, who was trying to teach him the alphabet, "what comes after T?"

"Prayers, ma'am," replied the young hopeful, whose father was a minister.—Florida Times-Union.

Looking Around.

Employer—Sampson, why don't you marry? Clerk—Well, I'm looking around, sir! Employer—There are lots of girls. Clerk—Oh, I've got the girl. I'm looking around for a better job.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Away Ahead.

"Plimson is living ahead of his income."

"You are right. If Plimson were to stand still for five years I don't believe his income would overtake him."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Getting It Straight.

He—So you have decided that you cannot marry me. She—You are mistaken. I knew all along that I could marry you. What I've decided is that you cannot marry me.—Boston Transcript.

A Striking Watch

And How It Furnished a Detective a Clew

By RYLAND BELL

Being directed by the chief of the detective bureau with which I was connected to report to Mr. Oliver Ainsworth to investigate a case for him, I did so, and this was Mr. Ainsworth's statement:

"I live in a suburban town. My family consists of my wife, my son, Albert, twenty-two years old, and my daughter, Edith, aged twenty. Other persons come in from time to time, remaining temporarily. There are also the servants, consisting of a cook, housemaid and butler.

"For some time past we have been missing small articles, principally jewels. Only yesterday a brooch set with diamonds and worth $100 disappeared. I suppose in all $1,500 worth of property has been taken. I wish you to come into my house for a long enough stay to discover the thief. Your chief has recommended you as a person who would not be likely to be taken for a detective, you having been well brought up. He has told me also that you are very musical and play on several instruments. My daughter wishes to learn to play on the mandolin, and you can give her lessons. I shall introduce you as the son of an old and very dear friend of mine, giving out that you have met with bad luck and that I have taken you in for awhile until you can get on your feet again."

There was truth in the latter part of this statement. I had recently come from England to seek my fortune in America like others of my countrymen who are ready to do abroad what they would be too proud to do at home. I tried music, for which I have considerable taste, but after starving awhile in that field fell in with a detective, who secured me a position in the bureau with which he was connected. I think my chief recommendation was that, being a gentleman, I could play parts that would be impossible with an unpolished man.

This assignment with Mr. Ainsworth was my first in my new business, and I knew nothing about how to trap a thief. Persons who are ignorant of an important work they are expected to do are prone to look very wise and appear to be thinking very hard. I put on the semblance of the wisdom of Solomon, and when Mr. Ainsworth was about to tell me of any suspicions that were entertained I stopped him, saying that I always worked by method, pursuing my investigations step by step, and wished to avoid any preconceived notions that might lead me astray. This inspired the gentleman with great faith in me. I must trust to luck or my wits to bear out his confidence.

The story of my supposed impoverishment, which, as I have said, was in the main true, brought a very sympathetic reception from Miss Edith Ainsworth, and the fact that I was to teach her music foreshadowed that I would pass a season in clover. Under the influence of her beautiful eyes I felt that I could be a thief hunter for the rest of my days. I commenced the music lessons at once and was supposed to enter upon my investigations at the same time. Alas, I knew not where to begin! That part of my work which consisted in leading the family to think that I was the unfortunate son of a dear friend of its head I performed with great ease since it was natural to me. I was first cousin to an earl, and my father, having been born to the courtesy title of honorable, had never done a stroke of work in his life except garrison work, for he had been colonel of a regiment in the British army.

I spent a fortnight as a member of Mr. Ainsworth's family, and since I had not secured the slightest clew to the thief I felt it necessary to put on all the appearance of pursuing a deep laid plan of which I was capable. Mr Ainsworth refrained from questioning me, which was lucky. Indeed, so engrossed was I with my lovely pupil that had a dozen clews been under my nose I would not have detected one of them. I wondered that he did not notice how matters were going between me and Edith, but if there is one thing I observed in my career of detective it is the stupidity of parents in failing to notice the incipient love affairs of their children.

After spending nearly three weeks pretending to be following a deep laid plan of investigation I began to be not only conscience stricken, but fearful that the humbug I was practicing would be discovered. To add to my worry I began to realize that the farce could not last forever and I must soon be separated from Edith. My cup of misery was filling up rapidly when luck came to me. I hit upon a clew.

Lying awake at night when all was still, I heard the distant sound of a chime. I wondered that I had never heard it before, but it was so faint that I would only be likely to detect it under the most favorable circumstances. There were two strokes, followed at an interval by three more. Then all was still again. Presently I heard it again. This time it was three strokes. While the chime was striking I lifted my head from the pillow to hear better and was surprised that I could not hear at all.

Since the sound seemed periodical I listened for it again, and in a quarter of an hour it was repeated, three strokes, followed by one. Struck by a thought, I reached out to a table beside me, lighted a match and looked at my watch. It was a quarter past 3. The sound I had heard was not a distant chime, but one very near, and it was in a watch. When the next time for it to strike came around I was lying on my back and did not hear it, but when it struck 3:45 my ear was on my pillow, and I heard every stroke.

"That," I said, "is a watch that may be made to strike the hour. It is in this house and possibly in this room."

In order to make it appear that I was investigating I had requested such change of rooms as was convenient. I had slept in this room two nights before I heard the chime, but each night there had been a strong wind. Besides, I had proved that unless my ear was connected with the watch by solids the chime was inaudible. Believing the watch to be in the room with me, a few minutes before it should strike again I got up and, pressing my ear against the wall, heard it distinctly. During the next hour I made several such experiments with a view to locating the sound, but without success.

Then it occurred to me that a watch must tick and if I could get near enough to it I might hear it. I walked slowly around the room, stopping at intervals to listen, and, drawing near a fireplace, the ticking grew more distinct. Thrusting my head up the chimney, I heard a watch tick near my ear. I was about to reach up to grasp it when a chime rang out fine, clear, melodious strokes.

I put my hand upon a narrow coping and took down what I could feel to be a brooch. Then I grasped other articles and finally a watch.

"Eureka!" I exclaimed, delighted.

Leaving the articles where I found them, I went back to bed, but not to sleep. Day soon came, and, rising, I examined the fireplace and found quite a lot of jewelry. I compared the pieces with a list of the lost articles and found that about two-thirds of them were on the coping.

What should be my next step? I had found the plunder—or most of it—but not the thief. And in this second part of my work I was as much at a loss how to proceed as I had been in the first place. But I felt comparatively easy. I had evidence that I was not another kind of thief in palming myself off as an investigator when I was really simply falling in love. I called Mr. Ainsworth into the library after breakfast and told him that I had made important headway in the case, having located a number of the missing articles. I intended to say no more; but, fearing that if left where they were the thief would remove them, I added that during the morning I would turn them over.

That morning when the postman delivered the mail I received a letter from England that obviated the necessity of my remaining in the detective business. The missive had been following me for some time and was covered with "Try this and try that place," indorsed by different postal officials. It announced that the cousin mentioned earlier in my narrative, a vigorous man of thirty, had broken his neck following the hounds, and since his wife had not presented him with an heir I was Earl of Barrowfield.

I called up my chief, reported the case so far as I had followed it and offered my resignation from his force on the ground that I had business of my own that demanded attention. Before Mr. Ainsworth went out for the day I told him where he would find the plunder I had discovered and made a clean breast of the fact that I had learned where it was, not by a deep laid and methodical process, but by accident, and declined to receive any pay for my services or to permit any charge to be made by the bureau I represented.

Mr. Ainsworth declined to accept my services either as detective or as his daughter's music teacher. After arguing with him for awhile I showed him the letter I had received that morning changing my condition from a detective to a nobleman.

"While I am not the son of an old friend of yours," I said, "I am or at least have been in forlorn circumstances. I am your debtor, not you mine, since I have received every kindness at the hands of your family."

It was agreed between us that it would be better to inform the members of his family that I was not the son of his old friend, but that in considering me a gentleman they had not been deceived. Mrs. Ainsworth was informed first that the bulk of her lost property had been recovered, that I had come into the house as a detective and was going out a nobleman. From her the news spread to the other members of the family.

Miss Edith did not seem to know whether to be glad or sorry at the turn events had taken. I saw sincerity in her eyes when she expressed her regret that her music lessons must cease and said that she supposed the episode of my being there must end and she would never see me again. I assured her that an acquaintance so pleasantly formed would not be suffered by me to come to an end.

I went to Europe and discovered that the estate to which I had fallen heir needed attention. Nevertheless I found my thoughts constantly wandering back to America. And what drew them most forcibly was the young lady whom I had taught music while playing detective.

I never took sufficient interest to inquire whether the balance of the jewelry was discovered or the thief run down. Later I returned from England and took back Edith Ainsworth for my wife. As a wedding memento her father presented me with the striking watch that led to the recovery of the plunder, and I had engraved upon it an appropriate inscription.

Pleasant Thoughts.

Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts—houses built without hands—for our souls to live in.—Ruskin.

Discipline.

Tommy—Pop, what is discipline? Tommy's Pop—Discipline, my son, is something you can only learn either during the first year at school or the first year of married life.—Philadelphia Record.

Sounds Funny.

Bacon—She's a perfect woman.

Egbert—Indeed!

"Oh, yes. She's the last word in wives."

"I didn't know there was any such thing."—Yonkers Statesman.

Blowing Up a Storm.

"You know you told me it would be a terrible blow to you if I rejected you."

"I know it, and so you married me. And that was a worse blow."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

What's the Use?

"It did Jack no good to marry his stenographer, for she continued the habit of the office in their home."

"How so?"

"When he starts to dictate she takes him down."—London Tit-Bits.

In a Crowded Car.

First Strap Hanger—Sir, you have your hand in my pocket. Second Ditto (evidently married)—Oh, pardon me! I was wondering how I happened to have all that loose change.—Boston Transcript.

Detrimental Suggestiveness.

"I see you have disposed of that fine horse you bought from the city."

"Yes," replied the regretful milkman; "he hurt my business. He had been used for pulling a sprinkling cart and stopped at every hydrant."—Judge.

Soothing.

"Nan," said Fan, "I've got a gown exactly like that one of yours, and I just hate it. It looks all right on you, though, because you're so thin that the pattern doesn't show."—Chicago Tribune.

Costly Advice.

"Advice is sometimes very costly."

"Indeed it is! I stopped Jinx this morning to give him a bit of advice, and he borrowed a five spot from me before I could get away."—Houston Post.

Closefisted.

Pendennis—Who is the meanest man you know? Warrington—Old Closefist. Whenever there is a crowd at the railway ticket office he always gets on the outside so as to be the last to part with his money.—Exchange.

Not Lazy.

"And you say the public can be separated from its money?"

"Without effort."

"Oh, I am perfectly willing to expend some effort, provided the trick can be done."—Washington Herald.

The Light of Aden.

Kerosene is the universal illuminant around Aden, Arabia. The poorer natives cannot afford lamps, but use containers of a gill capacity, with a slender wick, costing one cent. The result is a dim and flickering light.

The Tammany Society.

In 1789 the Tammany Society of New York, distinct from the general committee of the Democracy, was organized by William Mooney, an upholsterer and an American born citizen. It was not incorporated until 1805.

The Ermine.

The ermine is white with the exception of the tip of its tail, which is black. These tips, dressed with the white fur at regular intervals, make the spotting of black which is seen on state garments of ermine.

Mecca.

Mecca is a large city and a principal one of the east. The temple of Mecca, to which so many pilgrims annually travel, forms a spacious square about a quarter of a mile in each direction, with a quadruple row of columns. A number of steps lead down to Mohammed's house, and within it is the black stone said to have been brought by the angel Gabriel for its foundation.

His Definition.

A teacher in a certain school asked for the definition of a furrier. A hand was raised. "Well, John, you tell us what a furrier is." "A man who deals in furs," correctly replied the pupil. Then, turning to another scholar, the teacher asked for a definition of a currier. "A man who deals in curs," was the unexpected reply of the eager boy.

GRUMBLING.

Do not become a grumbler nor despondent. What can be more base and unworthy than the pining, mumping mood, no matter by what outward ills it may have been engendered? What is more injurious to others, what less helpful as a way out of a difficulty?

CONFIRMED PROOF

Residents of Bellefonte Cannot Doubt What Has Been Twice Proved.

In gratitude for relief from aches and pains of backs—from distressing kidney ills—thousands have publicly recommended Doan's Kidney Pills. Residents of Bellefonte who so testified years ago, now say the results were permanent. This testimony doubly proves the worth of Doan's Kidney Pills to Bellefonte kidney sufferers.

Mrs. John Anderson, 245 S. Spring St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "I willingly confirm the public statement I gave Doan's Kidney Pills two years ago, after they had benefited me greatly. I procured this remedy at Green's Pharmacy Co., when suffering from backache and severe pains in my loins, and it brought prompt and permanent relief. Another of my family was also cured of kidney trouble by Doan's Kidney Pills."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.—Advt.

Big Damage Verdict.

Last November D. W. Anderson, of Clearfield, was badly injured while driving his automobile on the public highway in Greenwood township, near the Johnston Woolen Mills. A guy wire supporting a pole on the Bell Telephone Co's line hung low over the road and when Mr. Anderson came in contact with it he was swept off the seat and the machine wrecked. The injuries he received were very serious, confining him to his bed for many week.

He brought a suit against the company, asking for damages to the amount of $50,000. The case was tried in court last week before Judge Smith. The taking of testimony occupied all of Tuesday and Wednesday morning. Late Wednesday evening the jury came in with a verdict, which gave the plaintiff $10,540. The case will likely go to the Supreme Court.

Read "The Republican $1 a year in advance.

Skin On Fire

Just the mild, simple wash, the well known D.D.D. Prescription for Eczema and the itch is gone.

A trial will prove it.

We have sold other remedies for skin trouble but none that we could guarantee as we can the D.D.D. remedy. If the first regular size $1.00 bottle does not do exactly as we say, it will not cost you a cent.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Main Thing About FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amount to really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred Accident Insurance Company of New York, which issues $5,000 Travel Policy at $12.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon

Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa

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THERE IS NO CASE OF
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arising from a disordered stomach, bowels, liver or kidneys which

"SEVEN BARKS"

will not materially benefit, or permanently cure; this has been proven for the past 42 years. Ask your parents, or neighbors, about SEVEN BARKS, as thousands have testified to its merits. Don't delay to get a 50 cent bottle at your druggist, and start yourself on the road to complete recovery.

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and will be glad to have the ladies call and be fitted.

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FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

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your money grows when placed in a wideawake, progressive bank like this. The man who never saves a cent has a hard lot in prospect when his earning ability has gone. Leave your dimes and dollars with us and see them grow at three per cent. interest.

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Allegheny Street, - - - Bellefonte, Pa.

MY WATER SPRITE

An Episode of a Summer Vacation

By F. A. MITCHEL

I took my summer outing in the mountains, stopping at the Cliff House. I had not been there three days when, rowing on the little lake around which all the hotels were centered, I passed a girl in another boat, who looked at me for a moment scutinizingly and seemed about to bow to me. But since I did not remember ever having seen her before and supposed she was mistaking me for some one else I gave her no encouragement. In other words, I treated her as a stranger. Since we faced each other as we receded we did not pass out of each other's sight for some time, and I could see on her features the sensitiveness of a girl who has spoken to the wrong man.

It is not to be expected that such an incident as this occurring to one who has nothing to do but enjoy himself would pass out of mind. I must meet that girl and learn whether it was she or I who had made a mistake. I had not seen her at my hotel; therefore I assumed that she was stopping at some of the others. There were more than half a dozen hotels in the vicinity, and I feared that to find a person whose name I did not know among so many summer residents would be like looking for a needle in a haystack.

But what trouble will a man not take in an adventure of this kind, especially when he has nothing else to do? I made the rounds of the hotels, beginning in the morning, when the guests first come out on the porch to sun themselves, spending some time on each porch looking for my water sprite, as I called her, but luck was not with me, and at the end of the first day I had not seen her.

I spent four days of a two weeks' vacation going the rounds of the hotels, instead of devoting myself to such summer sports as were at hand, looking for a girl in whom I could have no interest except that she had supposed she was passing some one she knew. In the evening of the fourth day I went to a dance at one of the hotels, and as I was sailing around in the waltz there suddenly appeared over the shoulder of her partner the face of my water sprite.

Dreading to lose her, I would have been glad to drop the girl with whom I was dancing and keep my object in sight, but I had just begun to dance, and experience with my partner had taught me that she would keep the floor as long as the music lasted. And she did. It was fully ten minutes before I was released, and then she said she must go out on to the porch for some cool air. What could I do? I proved myself a gentleman, wishing all the while that I was a boor. By the time the girl was ready for the next dance—with another partner, thank heaven—nearly half an hour had passed. Then it was too late. I hunted everywhere for my water sprite, but did not find her. If the girl I had been dancing with had known my feelings toward her for detaining me I would have had another adventure on my hands not so attractive as the first.

The next morning, passing the landing of one of the hotels, I saw the girl I sought, in a charming rowing costume, step into a boat and pull out into the lake. I immediately made application for a boat, but all were engaged. The girl I wished to follow could see me wildly running about trying to get a boat, and, though I was not near enough to see, I fancied there was an amused smile on her face. Then she disappeared behind an island, and I ground my teeth.

Several times after this I met her, and every time it was my misfortune to be so situated that I could not reach her. I showed so much temper over my disappointments that at last, when I was suffering under one of them, her face broke into a pleasant smile. There is nothing a girl likes so well as to be chased, and, instead of helping the chaser to reach her, she will throw obstacles in his way.

I learned enough of the girl who knew me and whom I did not know to be assured that she was devoted to boating. Indeed, I had seen her on the water, shooting along like the sprite for which I had named her. So I resolved to spend a day on the lake in a boat, trusting it would give me an opportunity to catch her. I hired a boat at 9 o'clock in the morning and, taking a luncheon, resolved not to come off the water till dinner time in the evening.

I had not been out long before my girl passed me just as she had done at our first meeting. For a moment we looked at each other, surprised; then, with a tantalizing smile on her lips, she gave two or three vigorous strokes that carried her away from me.

She had an advantage of me in this. To follow her I was obliged to turn, and, not being a skilled oarsman, instead of backing water with one oar and giving way with the other, I made a considerable curve. After I had turned I had another disadvantage in having my back to the girl, while she had her face to me. I was obliged to stop rowing for a moment to see where she was and saw her a short distance away resting on her oars.

Thinking that she had decided to grant me an interview, I pulled for her, and when I thought I had reached the point where I had seen her I stopped rowing to turn my head and have a look. She was rowing a few hundred feet ahead of me. I noticed the long, graceful sweep of her oars, the regularity of the time between the strokes, the nicety of her "feather," and saw that if she intended to give me a race, notwithstanding my superior strength, the issue would be uncertain.

Indeed, I was under a disadvantage in every respect except strength. My great drawback was that while she could see me I could not see her. Besides, the lake was a long one and full of islands, behind which she could lose herself if she wished to do so. I concluded to give up the chase for that day and plan for one later that would take away the disadvantage of chasing with my back toward my opponent in the race.

I pulled ashore, and while doing so it occurred to me that if I hastened with my preparations I might yet be in time to have it out before luncheon. I ran to my room, took down a small mirror that hung on the wall, secured some twine and went back to my boat. The looking glass I set up in the stern, and of the twine I made tiller strings that I tied to my feet. Then I pulled back to where I had left my water sprite. I did not have to turn to see her when I came near enough to her to do so. I espied her lazily moving across the water, but noticed that though she did not seem to exert herself she made very good headway.

I pulled straight toward her, and as I approached, supposing that with my back turned to her I could not see her, she pulled across my bow. I followed her by a curve. Catching glimpses of her in my mirror, I saw that this puzzled her, and at the same time I had evidence that she was bent on teasing me. Then suddenly she caught sight of the mirror, and it was evident to her that she had lost an advantage.

She was within a hundred feet of me when she realized that she could do no more fooling. It was beautiful to see her bend to her work. She had evidently been well trained in rowing, for scarcely a drop of spray did she knock up, while with every stroke her boat gained headway, skimming the water as if besmeared with the slime of a fish. My mirror worked beautifully, and, aided by my rudder strings, I had very little disadvantage except for the want of skill. It was evident that it was a matter of brute strength against training.

My hope was in tiring her, though I was so clumsy that I was as likely to tire myself. I put on all my strength for awhile, then slowed down, repeating the process again and again, thinking that I could recover after one of these spurts quicker than the water sprite. But at last, finding this did not appear to give me much advantage, I pretended to be fagged out and waited for her to fall into a trap. Fortunately for me, she gave me an opportunity. I could see the water and the shore behind both of us, while she could not. Noticing on our port side a narrow bay, I steered to the starboard to drive her into it. I succeeded, and presently she found herself in the mouth of the bay.

It was amusing to see her when she made this discovery. She gave a few furious strokes to starboard, but I headed her off. Then she made a few strokes to port with the same result. Gradually I drove her up the bay, which narrowed as we proceeded, and finally into the mouth of a creek, where she grounded.

I pulled up to her and said:

"Pardon me for my seeming intrusion, but it has occurred to me that I have had the pleasure of meeting you somewhere, and I wish to be enlightened."

She smiled and replied that I must be mistaken. To this I said I was not mistaken, and after laughing at me for some time she said:

"I must have grown awfully old that you can't place me. Three years sometimes make a great change in one. Can't you recall a starlit night on the veranda at —— Beach, when you sat with a girl in a corner? You told her that it was a case of love at first sight; that"—

"For heaven's sake, are you Miriam Beach?"

"No."

"Then you must be Alice Archard."

"Wrong again. I'm the third girl you proposed to that summer."

I remained silent for a few moments, then recovered my assurance.

"Don't you know," I said, "that, as the children say, 'the third time is the charm?'"

She burst into a merrier laugh than before, and I added:

"We don't need two boats for two persons. If you will get into mine we'll take yours in tow and I'll pull you in."

I handed her to a seat in the stern of my boat. She took up the mirror to make a place for herself. Holding it before her face, she arranged some strands of her hair that had become loose.

"That's womanlike," I said.

"And it's manlike," she retorted, "to propose to three girls in one season and forget them."

"'No more o' that an' thou lovest me,'" I said and called forth a blush. That tells the story, I said to myself.

I pulled back to her hotel, where I left her and her boat.

"Don't you want the mirror?" I asked her.

"No, thank you. Keep it as a memento of your ingenuity."

"I suppose I may call this evening?"

"Certainly. But there is no veranda overlooking a beach. Besides, I have grown wiser with age."

Her wisdom did not serve her, for when we returned to the city we were engaged.

Generous Indians.

Among the Papago Indians who live in the state of Sonora, Mexico, there is an ancient custom that prevails at harvest time. Those who have an abundance freely share with those who have little, very much after the manner of American pioneers who used to pass around the fresh spare ribs and side pork to their neighbors when they butchered. If a Papago Indian has a bountiful harvest he is visited by his relatives, friends and even strangers who have no other claim on him except that they are also Papagoes.

He Used the Judge's Card.

A certain judge was inveigled into a game of poker on a P. D. Q. train. He won $40. His opponent then said:

"I can't pay you now. But just give me your card. I'll mail you a check."

So the judge gave the man his card and two or three weeks went by, and then he received a letter from a lawyer saying:

"Sir—The P. D. Q. railroad instructs me to inform you that if you do not send by return the money for your fare as promised immediate proceedings will be taken."—New York Tribune.

Bashful Backers.

A minor Missouri politician who was a pestiferous and continuous office seeker was a candidate for nomination as lieutenant governor. He made a canvass, and everybody seemed to be for him.

On the day of the convention he came to a friend in great distress.

"Bill," he said, "I am in a terrible pickle. Seventy per cent of the convention delegates are for me for lieutenant governor, but I can't get anybody to nominate me!"—Philadelphia Saturady Evening Post.

London's Pie Shops.

With the decline of the a la mode beef shop in London one notes also the disappearance of most of the old fashioned pie shops, such as the famous eel pie shop in Fleet street. The itinerant vender of sheep's trotters has also almost disappeared as well as the seller of sandwiches at the doors of theaters, while the peripatetic pie has quite vanished from the streets. In their place we have the all conquering but malodorous fried fish shop, which has multiplied fourfold during the last twenty years.—London Globe.

Amended.

A Pennsylvania divine formed one of a house party in Philadelphia where the younger son, in accordance with what the clergyman observed to be his constant habit, as soon as he had seated himself at breakfast immediately possessed himself of a large slice of bread, the quality of which he proceeded to test by a liberal mouthful.

The minister, a stickler in such matters of propriety, gazed blandly at him for a moment or so; then he folded his hands and closed his eyes.

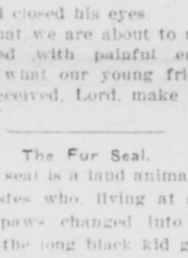
"For what we are about to receive," he intoned with painful emphasis, "and for what our young friend has already received, Lord, make us truly thankful."

The Fur Seal.

The fur seal is a land animal of perverted tastes who, living at sea, has had his paws changed into flippers very like the long black kid gloves of a woman. His heart, liver and kidneys are exactly the same as those of a sheep and just as good to eat, but his flesh, although just like fat mutton to look at, is rank and distasteful from his habit of eating fish. The whole package is put up in a parcel of thick white fat to keep the body warm while from the skin grows a heavy crop of beautiful brown fur, protected with large flat oil bearing hairs, making a glossy surface which slides through the water without friction.

The Welsh Descended From Noah.

The smaller a nation the longer the pedigree of the native. Thus every Scotsman of decent lineage is descended from the Bruce, every Irishman from the red kings and every Welshman from Noah. The last claim has been made for the family of the late Lord Tredegar. Coxe, writing in 1800, when touring in Monmouthshire, wrote that "fanciful genealogists derived the origin of the Morgans from the third son of Noah," but that there was a division of opinion in favor of the first.—London Telegraph.



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An Electric Tractor

As a substitute for horse and mule teams for transferring loaded freight cars from one station to another, the Pennsylvania Railroad has built an electric tractor,—a giant electric automobile which will do the work of 20 mules. To determine the strength of the tractor, the Company arranged a tug o' war between it and a steam locomotive.

Two freight cars were put between the tractor and the locomotive; the power of the latter was first turned on and after the two cars and the tractor had been pushed a short distance, the electric current was applied very gradually. The power in the locomotive and the tractor was increased until each exerted its full strength. The motor developed the stronger power, pushing the two cars and the steam locomotive to such an extent that the wheels of the latter slipped on the track.

The tractor is equipped with two motors, each having a capacity of twenty horse power; it weighs 28,850 pounds, each wheel alone weighing about a ton. The wheels are 60 inches in diameter and are fitted with hard rubber tires similar to those used on automobile trucks. The truck straddles the railroad tracks, which, in city streets, are laid flush with the pavement.

As showing the capacity of the tractor, it can start a draft of six loaded fifty-ton freight cars on the mountain grade of the Pennsylvania Railroad—that part of the railroad from Altoona, Pa., to the crest of the Allegheny Mountains.

If you have pains in the back, Urinary, Bladder or Kidney trouble, try Mother Gray's Aromatic Leaf, a pleasant herb remedy for women's ills and a great tonic laxative. At Druggists or by mail 50c., sample FREE. Address, Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

Collector Has Resigned.

W. W. Boone, of Osceola, who for some years has acted as collector for the Commissioners of Clearfield county, has tendered his resignation.

Never can tell when you'll mash a finger or suffer a cut, bruise, burn or scald. Be prepared. Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil instantly relieves the pain—quickly cures the wound.—Advt.

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Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:45 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:36 and 8:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD

On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1904 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M.
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
	Morris	† 6.38	.....	† 2.12
	Stevens	† 6.43	.....	† 2.17
	Hunters Park	† 6.46	.....	† 2.21
	Fillmore	† 6.50	† 10.34	† 2.26
	Briarly	† 6.55	.....	† 2.33
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	† 7.12	.....	† 2.50
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.20
	Strubles	† 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	† 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	2 A. M.	4	
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35		† 3.20
	Bloomsdorf	† 7.40		.....
	Strubles	† 7.45		3.30
	State College	8.00		† 5.05
	Krumrine	† 8.07		† 5.00
	Waddles		11.50	† 5.25
	Briarly	†		† 5.37
	Fillmore	†		† 5.38
	Hunters Park	† 8.31		† 5.40
	Stevens	† 8.35		† 5.40
	Morris	† 8.37	.....	† 5.40
	Coleville	8.40	.....	† 5.50
A.	Bellefonte	8.50	.....	† 6.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

P. H. THOMAS, Supt.

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Mrs. James P. Coburn departed yesterday for Philadelphia, to be gone about ten days.

S. R. Pringle, of Port Matilda, was a genial caller at "The Republican" office a few days ago.

M. Ward Fleming, Esq., is a Bellefonte visitor, coming over from Philipsburg to attend court.

E. C. Beezer, president of the Philipsburg Brewing Co., was a business visitor in town on Monday.

Dr. and Mrs. John Sebring and Mrs. Archibald Allison motored to Williamsand return on Tuesday.

James Gray, of Milesburg, was a pleasant and welcome caller at "The Republican" office on Monday.

S. K. Hostetter, of State College, was in Williamsport on Tuesday looking over the line of cars of the Keeler Company.

The office of Squire W. H. Musser is being thoroughly overhauled and made more attractive with new paint and paper.

Fred Lane has accepted a clerical position with The Bell Telephone Company here, succeeding Milan Walker, who resigned.

Miss Carrie Anderson left Friday, last, for Pittsburgh, where she will spend the summer months at the home of her uncle, Mr. John George.

Dr. J. L. Seibert is contemplating building himself a new home on his lot in Alleghemy Street, between the Munson and Mrs. Louisa Harris properties.

Robert Frazer, of Philadelphia, president of the Bellefonte Central Railroad Company, spent Tuesday in town as the guest of F. H. Thomas, general manager.

Ex-Deputy Sheriff L. T. Munson is critically ill at his home in Allegheny Street. His son, John, who is employed in Tennessee, was summoned home this week.

George M. Gamble, the miller, last week purchased a handsome Hudson-Six, trading in his old E. M. F. His new car is one of the most luxurious in Bellefonte.

Rev. C. C. Shuey occupied the pulpit of the Beech Creek Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday morning, last, in the absence of the pastor, Rev. James E. Dunning.

The sounding of the fire alarm shortly after 4 o'clock last Monday morning routed out quite a few citizens. The blaze was found to be in an ash barrel at the rear of the Brant House.

The annual dance and reception of the Bellefonte Academy will be held on Thursday evening, May 29th, at 8 o'clock, in the Arcade Hall. All friends of the Academy are cordially invited

Misses Elsie and Verna Geiss, formerly of Centre Hall, are now located at No. 1702 Greene Street, Philadelphia, in charge of an apartment house, where they will be pleased to have persons visiting the city stop with them.

Barber John Nighthart will now be able to do more fishing at Fishing Creek and also make little pleasure trips on Sundays. Last week he purchased a Ford touring car and thus far has got along without the service of a physician.

William Walker yesterday caught a trout that measured 21½ inches and weighed 4¾ pounds. He landed the trout on a minnow in the mill race, opposite John G. Dubbs' implement store, nearby the Bush House.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris Cook, visited in Bellefonte over Sunday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Cook. Harris is an inspector of steel castings for the Pennsylvania Railroad. His work keeps him on the road much of the time, but he expects that he will be in Pittsburgh for perhaps the greater part of the summer.

The Bellefonte Academy baseball team is off this week on trip which calls for three hard games. Today the local boys play the Indiana State Normal nine, at Indiana. Tomorrow they play the University of Pittsburgh at Pittsburgh, and on Saturday they clash with the Westinghouse team.

Thomas R. Morgan, a Bellefonte boy who is attending the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, returned home on Tuesday for his summer vacation. He has just concluded his first year's work in college and before starting for home had the satisfaction of learning that he had passed his examinations with high grades in all studies.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cook are this week entertaining Hon. and Mrs H. C. Shaw, of Hagerstown, Md. Mr. Shaw is a former member of the Maryland Legislature and is a brother of Mrs. Patsy Stewart. Mrs. Shaw is a sister of Mrs. Cook. On Saturday, last, the Cooks entertained Mr. and Mrs. James K. Boak, and son George, of Hughesville. Mr. Boak is a brother of Mrs. Cook.

Staff Captain C. B. Campbell will conduct a special meeting at the Y. M. C. A. Wednesday night, May 28th, at 8 o'clock. Captain Campbell is an officer of many years experience in Salvation Army work and is an interesting speaker and a good singer. The public is cordially invited. Admission free. An excellent program of music and song by local talent is being arranged.

Just as genial and happy as ever, if not more so, John Q. Miles, former County Treasurer, was greeting friends in town on Monday. When he was about to board the afternoon train for Martha a half-dozen friends who happened to be at the station made wagers that he would not only come to town for the circus next Saturday but that he would turn up some time Friday night to see the animals unloaded.

Mrs. John Ostertag, formerly Miss Rose Gamble, is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Gamble, on East Linn Street. The Ostertags have given up their home at Orange, New Jersey, and will shortly remove to St. Louis, where Mr. Ostertag has a splendid position with the Westinghouse Company. They greatly regretted giving up their New Jersey home, but the position offered Mr. Ostertag at St. Louis was so attractive that he finally decided to accept it. They will move to that city as soon as Mr. Ostertag finds a desirable house.

Miss Laura Runkle, of Centre Hall, was a visitor in town on Tuesday

Miss Grace Smith, of Lancaster, is visiting with Miss Harriet Ray.

You can get "Pyramid Olive Oil" in any quantity at Green's Pharmacy Co.

H. E. Crouse, of Aaronsburg, motored to town in his Overland car on Monday.

Eighty dollars was realized on Tuesday, the opening day of the rummage sale.

Mrs. Benjamin Bradley entertained with a thimble party yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. William P. Wilson returned home on Monday from a visit with the Hillers at Chester.

Mrs. Daugherty, of New Castle, is visiting in Bellefonte with her daughter, Mrs. Roy Brandon.

Philip Zindel and Edward Craft, of Philipsburg, were visitors in town this week, being in attendance at court.

Miss Linnie and Miss Sallie Benner will depart on Saturday for Atlantic City, where they will spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Spangler leave today for Spangler, where they will visit with Mr. and Mrs. James B. McClain.

Miss Roxanna Mingle last week attended a house party in Vicksburg, given by Miss Myrtle Fiedler at the home of the latter's aunt.

Mrs. Edward Cooke, of Baltimore, visited in Bellefonte with her sister, Miss Mollie Snyder, from Wednesday until Saturday of last week.

The regular monthly meeting of the Woman's Club will be held in the High School building on Monday evening, May 26th, at 7.30 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. John Holt, of near Martha, were shopping visitors in town between trains on Monday. They formerly resided at Scotia.

James and Thomas Redding, of Snow Shoe, sons of Larry Redding, are Bellefonte visitors this week. James is having his first experience doing duty as a juror.

The Ladies Aid Society of the United Brethren church will serve lunch all day on Saturday, next, and will also conduct a sale of home-made bread, pies, cakes, etc.

Residents of Bellefonte who are saving old newspapers for the benefit of the hospital are requested to have them in readiness when a drayman will call next week.

Alvie Derr, general manager at the "Centre Democrat" office, has been laid up with rheumatism during the last week but is improving at the present time.

The Ushers Association of the Methodist Episcopal church will hold a "Get Acquainted Social" this (Thursday) evening. A delightful evening is in store for all who attend.

Dr. J. E. Ward is in WilkesBarre attending the fiftieth anniversary convention of the Susquehanna Valley Dental Association. He will return home tomorrow.

Mr. and Mr. Walter H. MacIntire announce the birth of a daughter, Sara Elizabeth, born May 13th at their home at Knoxville, Tenn. Mrs. MacIntire was formerly Miss Edna Meyer, of Bellefonte.

Miss Lucy Shorter, of Williamsport, is visiting in town as the guest of Miss Sallie Fitzgerald, who on Tuesday evening entertained the Harmonic Club and a few especially invited friends.

W. Scott Holter, of near Howard, was a business visitor in Bellefonte between trains on Saturday. Scott is one of Centre County's capable and progressive school teachers and has a host of friends wherever he goes.

Out-of-town guests in Bellefonte for the Academy minstrels included Mrs. B. H. Loucks, of York; Mr. and Mrs. Heims, of Reading; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Shank and two daughters, of Lebanon; Mr. Jones, of Reading.

Dillon, a former Bellefonte Academy boy, played a rattling good game of baseball with the University of Pittsburgh team against Washington & Jefferson last Saturday. He laced out a three bagger and made a sensational steal home.

Select Councilman Ira D. Garman, of Philadelphia, and Allen S. and Robert T. Garman, of Tyrone, visited in town over Sunday, their mission being to discuss plans in connection with handling the property and real estate of the Daniel Gaman estate.

The quarantine for scarlatina was last week removed from the James H. Potter and Herbert Auman homes. Quarantine for chicken pox was also lifted from another home in town. At present not a single home in Bellefonte is under quarantine for any disease.

The second advertising car for Young Buffalo's circus was in Bellefonte on Saturday. The big show will be in Bellefonte, May 24th. Reserved seat tickets may be purchased at Parrish's drug store on the morning of the day of the show. The price will be the same as if tickets were purchased at the show grounds. Watch for the street parade.

Donald Gettig, son of L. H. Gettig, the butcher, had a narrow escape from serious injury on Saturday evening. He was riding his father's pony up Thomas Street and while turning into High Street the pony slipped and fell. Donald's left leg was caught underneath the horse and his head and shoulders jammed into the road, but fortunately he escaped with no broken bones and but a few cuts and bruises. The pony calmly picked himself up, took a look at Donald and then went off on a gallop to the Gettig stable.

A jolly party enjoyed themselves on Tuesday afternoon and evening at William Burnside's bungalow on Purdue mountain. Those present included Mrs. Frank Knoche and daughter Bernice, of near State College; Miss Annie Gray, of Waddle; Miss Lulu McMullen, of Hecla Park; Miss Runkle, of Centre Hall; Misses Anna Fox and Louise Armor, of Bellefonte, and Messrs Hardman P. Harris, William G. Runkle, Lawrence McMullen, Andrew R. McNitt and brother and William Burnside.

Mrs. S. J. Harry, Mrs. Gobright, Mr. Donnelly and Mr. Duggan and Walter Harry motored to Bellefonte from Connellsville to witness the Academy minstrels. Samuel Harry, son of Mrs. S. J. Harry, was one of the participants in the big show.

COURT IN SESSION

(Continued from first page)

Jury and plead guilty to the charge, and when called before the Court for sentence made the statement as to how he managed to escape from jail by another prisoner making a key out of a piece of wire which would throw the tumblers in the locks of the cell. He had taken up the floor and got into the cellar of the jail and escaped. After this statement was made to the Court, the naming of the accomplice, the Court deferred the sentence until after the case was tried against the accomplice.

Comm. vs. Charles Hoover, prosecutrix Alice Miller, charge betrayal; settled.

Comm. vs. John Harter, charged with betrayal; prosecutrix Mary E. Lingle, settled.

Comm. vs. Irvin Walker, charged with betrayal; prosecutrix Elsie A. Grenoble; settled.

Comm. vs. G. G. Weber, charged with assault and battery; prosecutor J. P. Stauffer, settled.

Comm. vs. John L. Guisewite; charged with betrayal; prosecutrix Lola L. Stover; settled.

Comm. vs. Samuel R. Lingle; charged with betrayal; prosecutrix Ellen Auman; settled.

Comm. vs. Perry Freize, charged with breaking and entering; prosecutor, Stephen J. Lebo; the facts in this case were given in this paper at the time of the occurrence of the breaking into the station of the New York Central Railroad at Snow Shoe. Defendant appeared in open court on the 12th day of May, 1913 and waived the finding of the Grand Jury and plead guilty and was sentenced to pay the cost of prosecution and undergo imprisonment in the Reformatory at Huntingdon.

Comm. vs. David Custer, charge, betrayal and adultery; prosecutrix Mabel Lorrah; settled.

Comm. vs. Harry A. Dailey; charge betrayal; prosecutrix, Mary E. Jackson; settled.

Comm. vs. Merrell Shank, indicted for betrayal; prosecutrix, Amy Laura Galbraith. Defendant plead guilty and the usual sentence was imposed.

Comm. vs. Harry Meese and others, indicted for larceny; prosecutor, Frank Dawson. Verdict on Wednesday morning of guilty.

Comm. vs. George Morton, charged with non-support; prosecutrix, Elsie Morton. Decree filed that the defendant pay Elsie Morton $3.00 per week, payable monthly for the care and maintenance of the son Frank Morton until the further order of the Court and pay the costs.

Comm. vs. John Taylor, indicted for aiding and assisting Harry Meese from escaping from the County Jail on the night of the 5th day of May. Prosecutor, A. B. Lee, Sheriff. Case on trial.

Have you ever tried "Liggett's Orangeade?" It is a great thirst quencher—Sold only at Green's.

Miss Jennie Morgan was a passenger yesterday to Philadelphia, planning to return home before the end of the week.

Miss Adeline Olewine and her house guest Mrs. Hughes spent several days this week at State College. Mrs. H. W. Tate entertained at the Tyrone Club on Sunday in honor of Mrs. Hughes.

S. E. Pfoutz, of Osceola, was a very pleasant and welcome caller at "The Republican" office yesterday. Mr. Pfoutz spent several days in town doing duty as a member of the Grand Jury.

At the evening service at the Presbyterian church, Dr. Hawes will discuss "Some Things Most Surely Believed by Christians." In this sermon attention will be called to the fundamentals which underlie the creeds of all evangelical churches. As is well-known denominations are built up on the differences in views. In the sermon members of churches will be reminded of the agreements.

The curiosity and envy of all the trout fishermen in Bellefonte were stirred to the top notch one day last week. A monster trout, supposedly one that had drifted away from directly below the falls, spent an hour or more calmly lying in the middle of the creek, just a short distance above the High Street bridge. The water was very low and clear and by the spectators who quickly assembled it was figured that the trout measured between twenty-five and thirty inches. Clayt Brown, the veteran fisherman, undertook to tempt the big trout with a minnow. At the first or second cast the trout started for the minnow, but that was all. After that he could not be tempted to move an inch. It was undoubtedly one of the largest trout ever seen in the streams of this section.

Few prettier baseball games have been played in Bellefonte for many a day than that last Saturday in which the Bellefonte Academy defeated Juniata College, 4—3. With the exception of one or two innings it was a pitchers battle, Symes, for the Academy, easily carrying off the honors. He struck out fifteen men. The first inning was ragged, errors contributing to a run for each team. After that there was nothing doing until the sixth, when the Academy got one across, only to blow up in the seventh and allow Juniata to score two. In the eighth the Academy by a brilliant batting rally brought in two additional runs and clinched the game, Juniata going out in one, two three order in their half of the ninth. The game was remarkably fast and the fine pitching of Symes made a hit with the crowd.

Entrance Examination.

An examination for entrance to the Bellefonte High School, for the school-year 1913-1914, will be held in the high school building, Thursday, May 29, beginning at 9.30 o'clock in the morning.

JONAS E. WAGNER, Supr. Prin.

The unrivaled popularity of the Sim Clothes--Season after season and year after year--hasn't come by chance or luck to satisfy and please as many patrons as these two stores are now doing--is summed up briefly by unusual good clothes at fair, honest and moderate prices--The Sim store was started 13 years ago--and it's principles since then has been one of fair dealings--and it's progressive policy of showing not only good dependable clothes but clothes that in style and making were superior to any others--

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